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GOLDEN TREASURE

A COLLECTION OF

HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, ETC.,

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP,

TOGETHER WITH

Part-Songs and Glees, for Mixed and Male Voices,

—FOR—

MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

—BY—

T. P. RYDER.

BOSTON:

WHITE, SMITH & CO., 516 Washington St.

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PREFACE.

To be brief, the author of the "GOLDEN TREASURE" would simply say that, with many thanks to the various contributors to the same, and with the hope that this, his first book, may merit the approbation of the musical public, he respectfully submits it to the consideration and judgment of singers who may feel inclined to give it their attention.

T. P. RYDER

COME, CELEBRATE THE MAY.

No. 1.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

J. L. HATTON.

f Allegro.

SOPRANO. Come, cel - e - brate the May! Let's have a roun - de - lay; And, mirth -ful as a fay, And, mirth - - ful as a

ALTO. We'll dance,..... we'll

f

TENOR. Come, cel - e - brate the May! Let's have a roun -de - lay, a roun - de -lay; And, mirthful as. .. a

BASS. Come, cel - e - brate the May! Let's have a roun -de - lay, a roun - de - lay; And, mirthful as a

Allegro.

ACCOMPT. *f*

fay, We'll dance,..... We'll dance and sing the live - long day, and sing the day, The live - long day of May! The

dance,

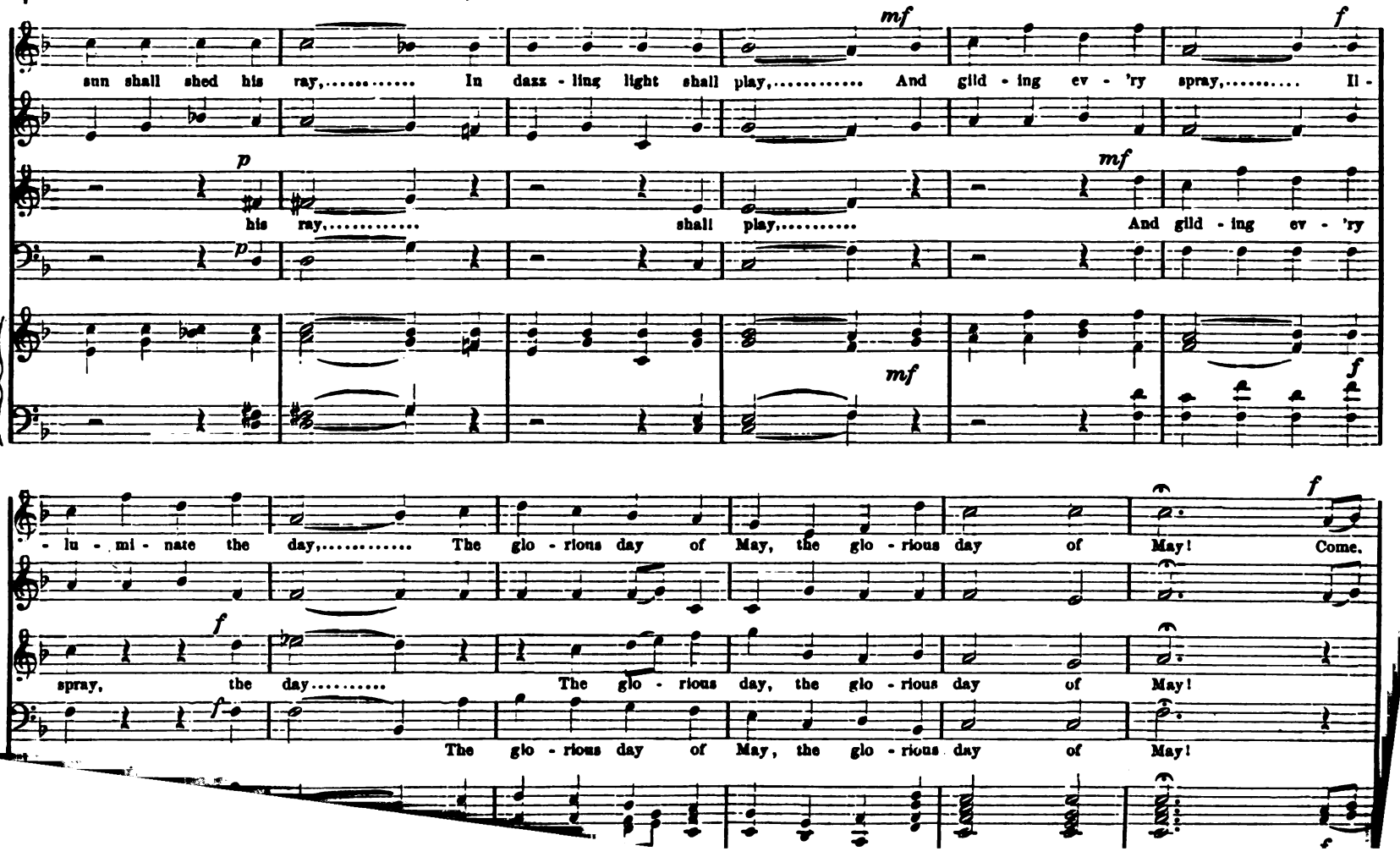
p

fay, We'll dance and sing the day, the live - long day, the live - long day, The live - long day of May!

p

p.

Come, celebrate the May. Continued.



Come, celebrate the May. Concluded.

dim. *p* *rall. un poco.*

lads and lass - es, say, With heart and voice full gay, How earn - est - ly we pray, How earn - est - ly we

f *dim.* *p* *rall. un poco.*

Come, lads and lass - es, say, With heart and voice, How earn - est - ly we pray, we

full gay, How earn - est - ly we pray, we.

dim. *p* *rall un poco*

f a tempo.

pray, This brill - iant first of May, may prove a hap - py day, May prove a hap - py day.

f

pray. This day may prove a hap - py day, This first of May, May prove a hap - py day.

f

pray, This day may prove a hap - py day, This first of May, May prove a hap - py day.

f

tempo.

A WIFE'S SONG.

No. 2.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

J. BARNBY.

Allegro con moto. mf repeat pp.

repeat pp

SOPRANO.

O well I love the Spring, When the sweet sweet hawthorn blows; And well I love the Sum - mer, And the coming of the rose.

ALTO.

TENOR.

O well I love the Spring, ... When the sweet sweet hawthorn blows; And well I love the Sum - mer, And the coming of the rose.

BASS.

ACCOMPT.

mf

Allegro con moto.

repeat pp

dim. *cres.* *sf*

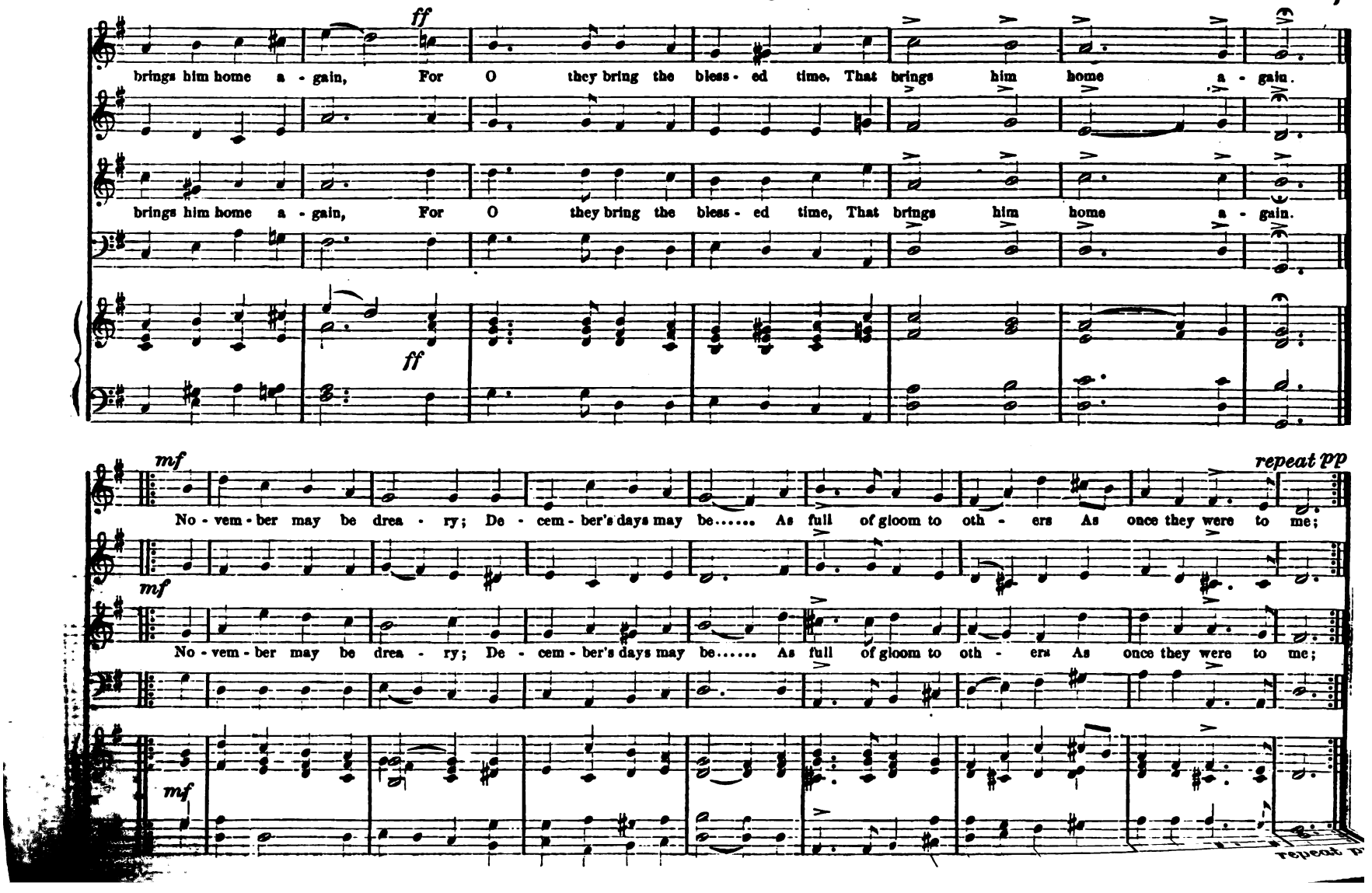
But dear - er are the chang - ing leaf, And the year up - on the wane, For O they bring the bless - ed time That

dim. *cres.*

But dear - er are the chang - ing leaf, And the year up - on the wane, For O they bring the bless - ed time That

dim. *cres.* *sf*

A WIFE'S SONG. Continued.



A WIFE'S SONG. Concluded.

But, O to hear the tem - pest Beat loud a - gainst the pane! For the roar - ing wind, And the bless - ed time That

sf

But O to hear the tem - pest Beat loud a - gainst the pane! For the roar - ing wind, And the bless - ed time That

sf

sf

brings him home a - gain, For the roar - ing wind And the bless - ed time, That brings him home a - gain.

ff

brings him home a - gain, For the roar - ing wind And the bless - ed time, That brings him home a - gain.

ff

THE MINSTREL BOY.

No. 3. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* Harmonized by J. PITTMAN.

Moderato.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT.

1. The min - strel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His Fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be-

2. The min - strel fell! but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der, The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a -gain, For he tore its chords a-

mf *p* *cres.*

- hind him; "O Land of song," said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith -ful harp shall praise thee.

- sun - der; And said, No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - ery; Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slav - 'ry.

f

THE ANGELS BREATHE ON FLOWERS.

No. 4. Words by J. B. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* Music by JOHN NAYLOR.

p Andante. *cres.* *dim.* *p*

SOPRANO. 1. The an-gels breathe on flow'rs, When soft winds gently play; Their breathings come with twilight, Not in the glare of day, The zephyrs, as they

ALTO.

p *cres.* *dim.*

TENOR. 2. The an- gels breathe on flow'rs, The flow'rs their joy express In bursting in - to beau- ty, In looks of thankfulness; How fond -ly should we

BASS.

ACCOMPT. *p* *cres.* *dim.* *p*

cres. *f* *p* *f* *p* *rall dim.*

gam - bol, O'er upland, moor or vale, Scat-ter the an- gel breathings, Each flow'ret to inhale, Scatter the angel breathings, Each flow'ret to inhale.

cres. *f* *p* *f* *dim rall.*

prize them! Their fragrant sweets are giv'n To win us to the angels, And lead us back to heav'n, To win us to the an-gels And lead us back to heav'n.

cres.

gam - bol, moor or vale..... Scat-ter the Scatter the an - gel breathings,
prize them! sweets are giv'n To win us To win us to the angels,

cres. *f* *p* *cres.* *f* *p* *dim rall.*

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

No. 5.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Harmonized by J. PITTMAN.

Andante.

SOPRANO. 1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled; So

ALTO.

TENOR. 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra's swells; The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus

BASS.

ACCOMPT. *p*

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

cres. *dim.*

THE PARTING KISS.

No. 6. Words by ROBERT DODSLEY. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* Music by E. A. SYDENHAM.

p Not too slow.

SOPRANO. One kind wish be - fore we part, Drop a tear and bid a - dieu; Though we sev - er, My fond heart,

ALTO.

TENOR. One kind wish be - fore we part, Drop a tear and bid a - dieu; Though we sev - er, My fond heart,

BASS.

ACCOMPT.

dim. Till we meet, shall pant for you, my fond heart shall pant for you, my heart shall pant for you.

Till we meet, shall pant for you, my heart shall pant, shall pant for you.

dim. Till we meet, shall pant for you, my fond heart shall pant, my heart shall pant for you.

Till we meet, shall pant for you, my heart shall pant, pant for you.

dim.

p *cres.*

Yet, yet weep not so, my love, Let me kiss that fall - ing tear; Though my bo - dy must re - move,

p *cres.*

Yet, yet weep not so, my love, Let me kiss that fall - ing tear; Though my bo - dy must re - move,

p *cres.*

mf

All my soul will still be here, Tho' my bo - dy must re - move, My soul will still be here.

All my soul will still be here, All my soul will still be here.

mf

All my soul will still be here, my soul will still be here, my soul will still be here.

All my soul will still be here, my soul will still, still be here.

mf

THE PARTING KISS. Concluded.

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

All my soul, and all my heart, Shall pant, Shall pant for you; One kind kiss, then, ere we part,

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

All my soul, and all my heart, Shall pant, Shall pant for you; One kind kiss, then, ere we part, Drop a

All my soul, and all my heart, And ev - 'ry wish shall pant for you; One kind kiss, then, ere we part,

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

p

Drop a tear and bid a - dieu, One kiss, then, ere we part, a tear, and bid a - dieu.

Drop a tear and bid a - dieu, A tear, and bid a - dieu, bid a - dieu.

p *rall.*

tear, bid a - dieu, One kiss, a tear and bid a - dieu.

Drop a tear and bid a - dieu, One kiss, a tear, then bid a - dieu.

PARTING AND MEETING.

No. 7. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* MENDELSSOHN.

Poco sostenuto.

SOPRANO. *p* 1. The heav'n - ly coun - cil hath de - creed To try us. If we love in - deed, By part - ing, by part - ing, Al

ALTO. 2. If thou e'er hast a rose - bud fair, And if thou cher - ish it with care, Be - ware then, be - ware then, Thou'lt

TENOR. *p* 3. And hast thou one whom thou dost love, One dear to thee all else a - bove, Thine on - ly, thine on - ly, Be

BASS. 4. But I would have thee hear a - right, would have thee hear, yes, hear a - right, When part - ing, when part - ing, When

ACCOMPT. *p* *dim.* *pp*

cres - - - *cen* - - *do.* *f* *p* *pp* *morendo.* *ppp*

- though 'twixt heav'n and earth there's naught, so bit - ter - ly with sor - row fraught, As part - ing, as part - ing, yes part - - ing.

see the flow'r that bloom'd at dawn, Ere night is clos - ing, dead and gone, Pre - pare then, pre - pare then, pre - pare ..... then.

cres - - - *cen* - - *do.* *f* *p* *pp* *ppp*

- fore the ros - es bloom a - gain, For hap - py hours thou'lt sigh in vain, So lone - ly, so lone - ly, so lone - ly.

part - ing rends the heart in twain, 'Tis then we say; We meet a - gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain.

cen *do.* *f* *p* *pp* *morendo.* *ppp*

HENCE, NOW AWAY.

No. 8. *Allegrò moderato.*

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

From LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT.

1. Hence, now a - way to the bat - tle field; Faith, fear - less right is the war - rior's shield, Then peace once more will be face the foe, brave war - rior's, speed, A - bate their pride, reap hon - or's meed, Let coun - try's love our

2. To

smil - ing round, When back we come with lau - rels crown'd! Hence, now a - way to the bat - tle

souls in - spire, And vir - tue's aim be our de - sire. To face the foe, brave war - riors

pp staccato.

field, Faith, fear - less right, is the war - rior's shield,..... Then peace once more..... then peace once more..... Then peace, sweet

speed, A - bate their pride, reap hon - or's meed..... Let country's love,..... let coun - try's love..... Let coun - try's

p

field, Faith, fear - less right, is the war - rior's shield..... peace once more, peace once more,

speed, A - bate their pride, reap hon - or's meed..... coun - try's love, coun - try's love,

leggiero.

peace will be smil - ing round..... When back we come,..... when back we come,..... When back we come with lau - rels
love our souls in - spire,..... And vir -tue's aim,..... and vir -tue's aim,..... And vir - tue's aim be our de -

p

peace once more, once more, be smiling round, When we come, when we come, come with lau - rel's
e'er our souls in - spire, and virtue's aim, Vir - tue's aim, vir - tue's aim, e'er be our de -

f p

crown'd. When back we come with lau - rels crown'd. When back we come with vic-to -ry crown'd!

- sire, And vir - tue's aim be our de - sire, And vir - tue's aim e'er be our de - sire.

sf f sf

EVENTIDE.

No. 9. HARRY BARTRAM. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* CHARLES GOODBAN.

Andante con moto.

SOPRANO. Soft, wrapt in si - lence, is the air Of ev' - ning's bright, en - chant-ing hour, When on the west - ern

ALTO.

TENOR. Soft, wrapt in si - lence, is the air Of ev' - ning's bright, en - chant-ing hour, When on the west - ern

BASS.

ACCOMPT.

p *cres.*

woodlands fair, The sun's warm glow - ing rays do low'r. Is it a spell that fires the heart, That fills with tears, with tears the raptur'd eye?

woodlands fair, The sun's warm glow - ing rays do low'r. Is it a spell that fires the heart, That fills with tears the raptur'd eye?

p *f*

Eventide. Continued.

p *pp* *cal.*

As from the noi - sy world a - part, The glo - rious sun - beams die, The glo - rious sun - beams die!

p *pp* *cal.*

As from the noi - sy world a - part, The glo - rious sun - beams die, The glo - rious sun - beams die!

p *pp* *cal.*

p

When as the sil - v'ry moon doth creep Un - heard, and noise - less to the sky; The ve - ry an - gels

p

When as the sil - v'ry moon doth creep Un - heard, and noise - less to the sky; The ve - ry an - gels

EVENTIDE. Concluded.

p *rall.* *f*

seem to sweep Far through the heav'nly realms on high. What sol - emn thot's then fill the brain Of friends, of friends, who clad in gar-ments bright, Re-

p *rall.* *f*

seem to sweep Far through the heav'nly realms on high. What sol - emn thot's then fill the brain. Of friends, who clad in gar-ments bright, Re-

p *rall.* *f*

dim. *pp* *cal.*

- joic - ing join the an - gels' strain, In ev - en's mel - low light, In ev - en's mel - low light.

dim. *pp* *cal.*

- joic - ing join the an - gels' strain. In ev - en's mel - low light, In ev - en's mel - low light.

dim. *pp* *cal.*

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

No. 10.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

ELIZABETH STERLING

mf Allegretto.

SOPRANO. 1. Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hun-ter's moon's be-gun; And thro' the wheat - en stub-ble Is heard the frequent

ALTO. 2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The Sum-mer is a ty - rant, Of most un - righteous

TENOR. 3. The Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The Oats are like a pack of girls, Laugh- ing and dancing

BASS. And thro' the wheat - en stub-ble,
The Summer is a ty - rant,
The Oats are like a pack of girls,

ACCOMPT. *mf*

f

gun; Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem-ber, The hunter's moon's be-gun; And thro' the wheat-en stub-ble. Is heard the fre -quent gun.

p

kind; The Spring she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The Summer is a ty - rant, Of most un - right -eous kind. The

too; The Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The Oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too.

The hun - ter's moon's be - gun; .... Is heard the fre - quent gun The
That does not know her mind; .... Of most un - right -eous kind, The
That's sleek and well to do: Laugh - ing and danc - ing too, The

p

cres. f p

leaves are pal - ing yel - low, Or kind - ling in - to red, And the ripe and gol - den Bar - ley, Is hanging down its head. All a - mong the Bar - ley,

Autumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of man.

f p

Rye is like a mis - er, That's sul - ky, lean and small, But the free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the monarch of them all. All a - mong the Bar - ley,

cres. p

f

Who would not be blithe, When the free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smiling on the scythe, When the free and happy Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe.

When the free and hap - py Bar - ley

f

Who would not be blithe, When the free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe, When the free and happy Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe.

f

SING WE AND CHAUNT IT.

No. 11.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

R. L. De PEARSALL.

Allegro moderato.

SOPRANO. Sing we and chaunt it, While love doth grant it, Fa la la la la la.

ALTO. Fa la la la la la la la la la.

TENOR. *mf* Sing we and chaunt it, While love doth grant it Fa..... la la la la la. *f*

BASS. Fa la la la la la la la la.

ACCOMPT. *mf* *f*

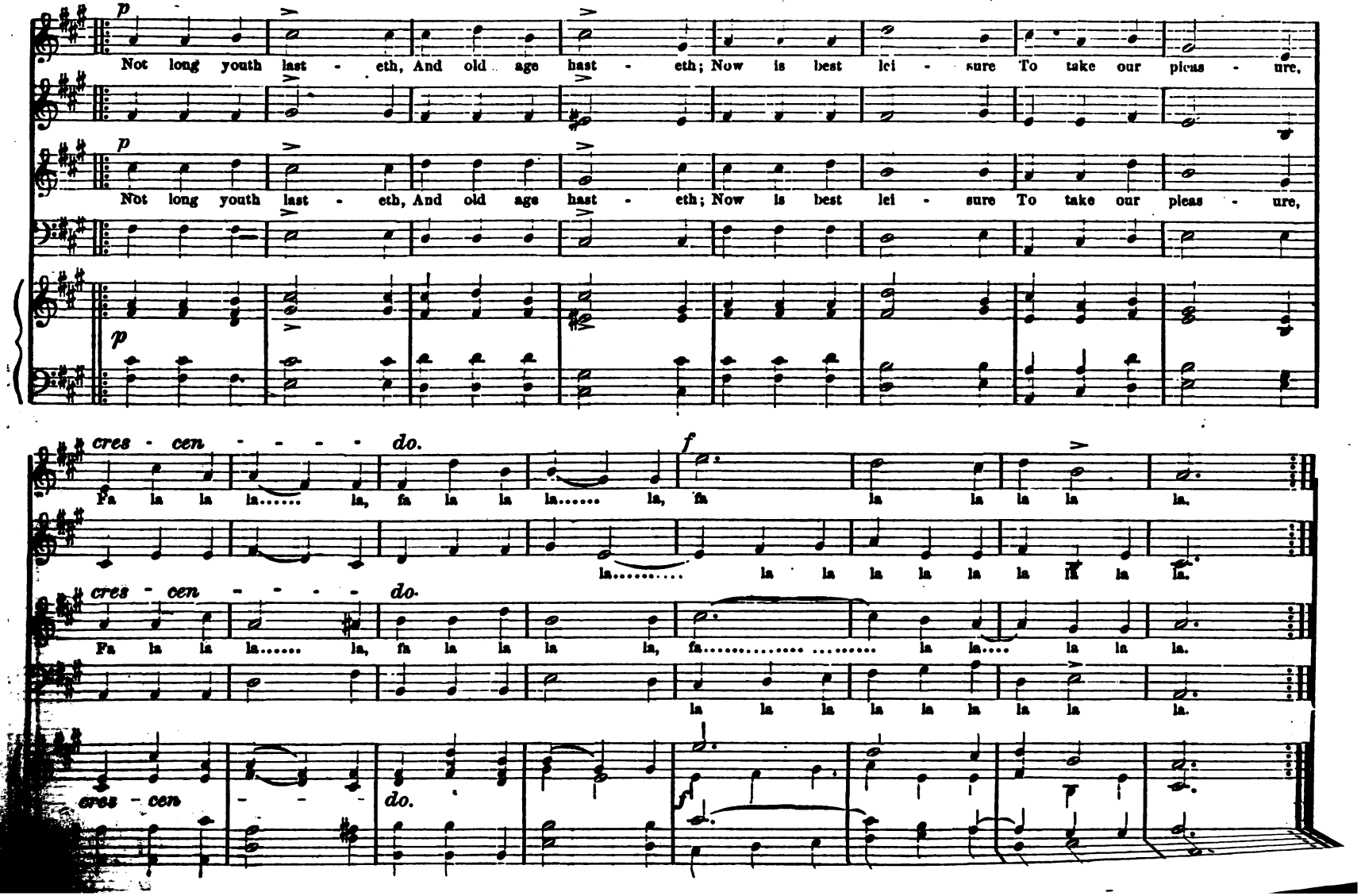
p Sing we and chaunt it, While love doth grant it, Fa la la la la la. *f*

Fa la la la la la la la la la.

p Sing we and chaunt it, While love doth grant it, Fa..... ..... la la.... la la la. *f*

Fa la la la la la la la la la.

f


p
Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth; Now is best lei - sure To take our pleas - ure,
p
Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth; Now is best lei - sure To take our pleas - ure,
p
cres - cen - - - - do.
Fa la la la..... la, fa la la la..... la, fa la la la la la.
la..... la la la la la la la la.
cres - cen - - - - do.
Fa la la la..... la, fa la la la la, fa..... ..... la la.... la la la.
la la la la la la la la la.
cres - cen - - - do.
f

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

No. 12.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Arr. by A. NEITHARDT.

Moderato.

SOPRANO.

1. O where, and O where is your High-land Lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for Vic - to - ria, on the Throne, And its O in my heart I..... wish him safe at home.

ALTO.

2. O where, and O where did your High-land Lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land. At the sign of the Blue Bell,..... And its O in my heart I love my Lad - die well.

TENOR.

3. Sup - pose and sup - pose that your High-land Lad should die? The bag - pipes should play o'er him, And I'd sit me down and cry,..... And its O in my heart I..... wish he may not die.

BASS.

ACCOMPT.

THE HARDY NORSEMAN'S HOUSE OF YORE.

No 13.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

R. L. De PEARSALL.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT.

f

1. The har - dy Norse - man's house of yore, Was on the foam-ing wave! And there he gath er'd bright renown. The brav-est of the brave!

2. What tho' our pow'r be weak-er now, Than it was wont to be, When bold -ly forth our fa-thers sail'd, And conquer'd Nor-man -die.

p *cres.* *f*

Oh! ne'er should we for-get our sires, Wher-ev - er we may be, They brave-ly won a gal -lant name, And rul'd the stor-my sea,

p *cres.* *f*

We still may sing their deeds of fame, In thrilling har - mo - ny; For they did win a gal -lant name, And rul'd the stor-my sea.

p *cres.* *f*

RAISE AGAIN THE BOLD REFRAIN.

No. 14. CHARLES J. ROWE. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* HENRY LESLIE.

f Alla Marcia

SOPRANO. 1. Raise a - gain the bold re - frain That tells of migh - ty deeds, Brave hearts true that beat a - new Wherev - er glo - ry leads.

ALTO.

f

TENOR. 2. Bright the day, our on - ward way Points out where Glo - ry calls; True as steel our hearts so leal, No dan-ger e'er up - pals!

BASS.

f

ACCOMPT.

cres.

Hark! the ech - oes ring - ing, To the well-known strain, While the count-less voic - es sing the loud re - frain;....

cres.

Here, no cra - ven cow - ard Would e'er seek to fly— Here, no sin - gle war - rior, But knows how to die.....

ff *dim.* *mf*

Aye! we'll ev - er bear in mind that Du - ty calls us on, That once more, like days of yore, there's hon - or to be won!.....

ff *dim.* *mf*

Then let's ev - er bear in mind that Du - ty calls us on, That once more, like days of yore, there's hon - or to be won!.....

ff *dim.* *mf*

cres - - cen - - do. *ff* *poco ritard.*

Be our cry for Lib - er - ty, And let the Right be done; Be our cry for Lib - er - ty, and let the Right be done.

cres - - cen - - do. *ff* *poco ritard.*

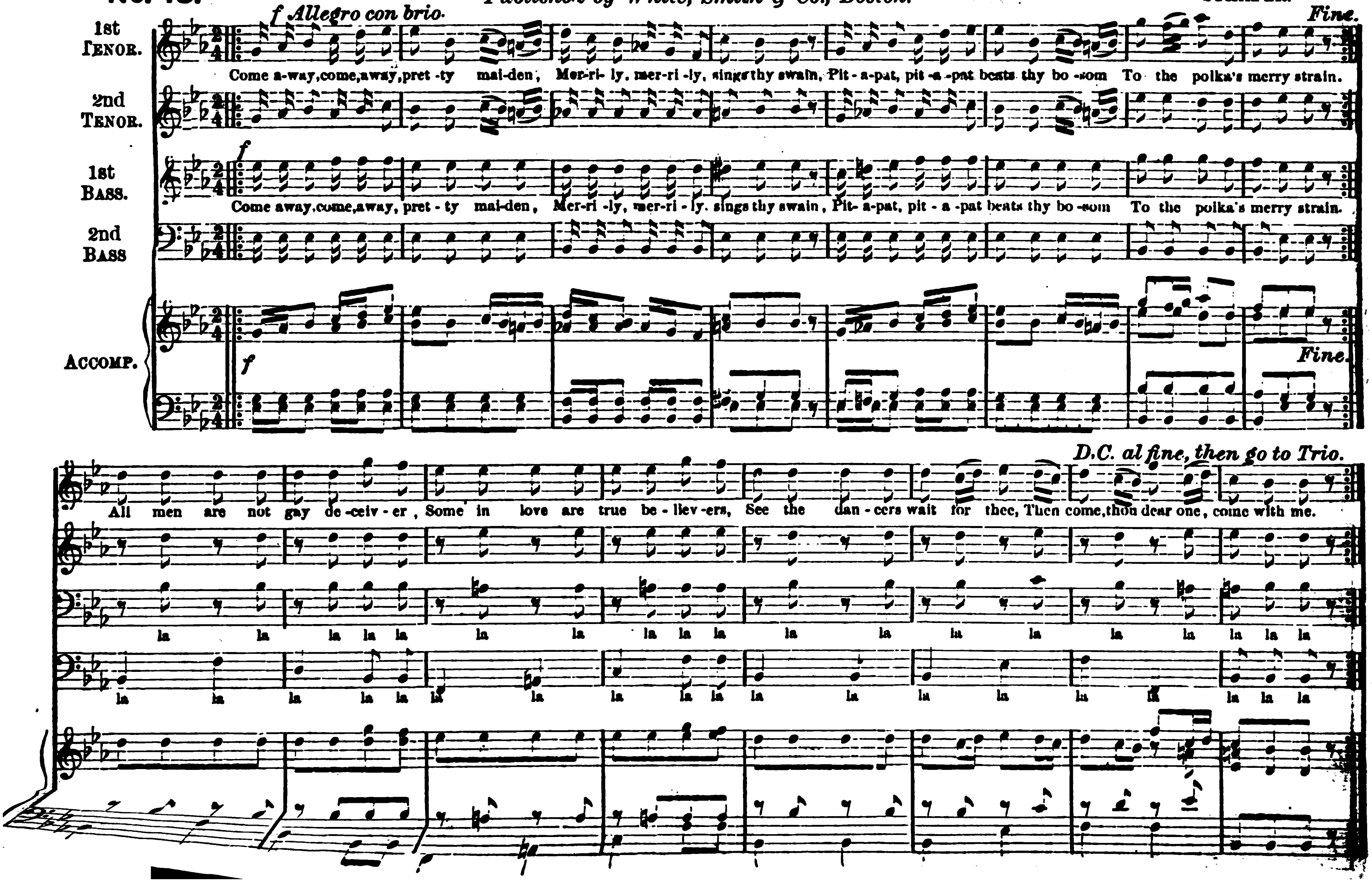
Be our cry for Lib - er - ty, And let the Right be done; Be our cry for Lib - er - ty, and let the Right be done.

ff

cres - - - cen *ff* *poco rit.*

COME AWAY, COME AWAY.

No. 15. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* SCHAFER.



TRIO.

Tenor Solo.

Give..... me some to - ken, Say.... ..... you'll com-ply..... .....

1st. & 2d. Tenor.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

1st. & 2d. Bass.

p

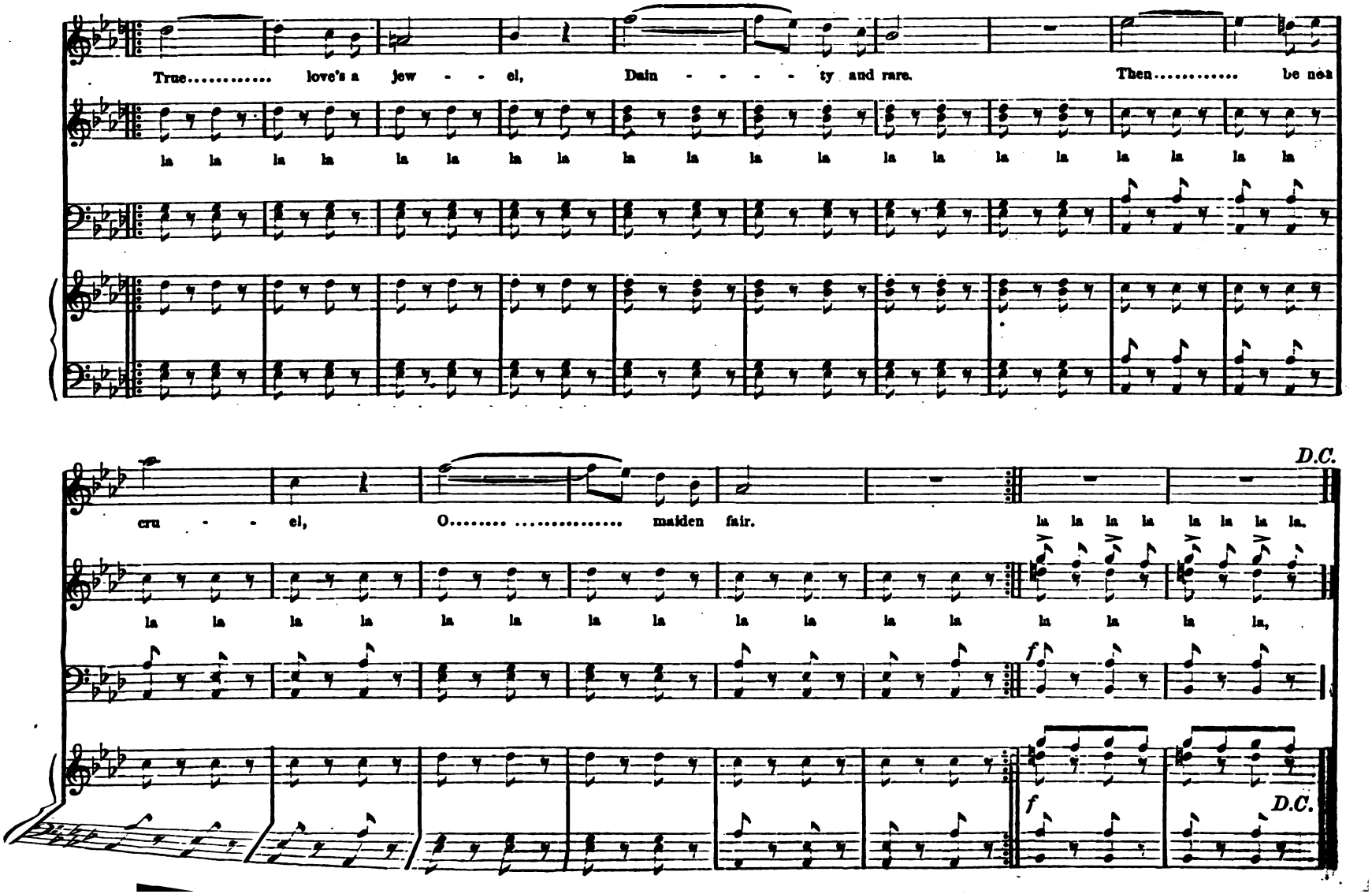
pp

My..... heart is bro - ken, If you de - ny..... - ny.

1st. time. 2d. time.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la la la la

Come away, come away. Concluded.



THE WINTER SONG.

No. 16. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* R. L. De PEARSALL.

mf Moderato.

SOPRANO. All clean, all smooth, the field so white Re - flects the ge - nial sun - beam bright; Blue

ALTO. All clean, all smooth, the field so white Re - flects the ge - nial

TENOR. *mf* All clean, all smooth, the field so white Re - flects the ge - nial sun - beam bright; Blue

BASS.

ACCOMPT. *mf* *f*

e - ther's sharp and stil - ly. And clear as glass, gleams, where..... we pass, The mea - - - dow's sur - face chil - ly.

gleams where we pass The mea - dow's sur - face chil - ly.

e - ther's sharp and sti - ly. And clear as glass, gleams where we pass..... The mea - dow's sur - face chil - ly.

The winter song. Continued.

mf The dus - ky pine - bough bends down low, And threat - ens, with its weight of snow, *f* The wan -

The dus ky pine - bough bends down low, And threat-ens, with its weight of snow, The wan -

mf The dus - ky pine - bough bends down low, And threat-ens, with its weight of snow, *f* The wan -

mf *f*

- der - er to cov - er. Crisp to his tread, a di - a - mond bed, With pain..... he tra - vels o - ver.

Crisp to his tread a dia - mond bed, With pain..... he tra - vels o - ver.

- der - er to cov - er. Crisp to his tread a dia - - mond bed,..... With pain..... he tra - vels o - ver.

THE WINTER SONG. Concluded.

Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime, The snow - clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy -

Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime, The snow-clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy -

Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime. The snow-clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy -

- ous - ly a - round me, And praise his might Who makes..... so bright The sil - - - - ver plains which bound... me.

- ous - ly a - round me, And praise his might Who makes so bright The sil - ver plains which bound..... me.

- ous - ly a - round me, And praise his might Who makes so bright ... The sil - ver plains which bound.... me.

SLEEP, WHILE THE SOFT EVENING BREEZES BLOWING.

No. 17. J. WILCE. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* Sir. H. R. BISHOP.

SOPRANO. *Largo.* *pp* Sleep while the soft.... eve - ning breez - es blow - ing, The fra - grance waft from flow' - rets glow - - ing; *espress.* *pp* so soft - ly beam - ing, *dol.* Plays on the lim - pid wa - ters gleam - ing.

ALTO. Sleep while the moon so soft - ly beam - ing,

TENOR. *pp* Sleep while the soft.... eve - ning breez - es blow - ing, The fra - grance from flow' - rets glow - - ing; *pp* so soft - ly beam - ing, *dol.* Plays on the wa - ters gleam - ing.

BASS.

ACCOMPT. *Largo. p* *pp* *mf* *pp* *dol.* *pp*

Allegretto Moderato.

Sleep, while the pale stars shed their light. Sweet be thy dreams, good night, good night. Sleep,

mf

p

Sleep, while the pale stars shed their light, be thy dreams, good night, good night. Sleep,

mf

pp Allegretto Moderato.

p arpa.

while the pale stars shed their light, Sweet be thy dreams, good night, good night. Sleep while the moon so

p

while the pale stars shed their light, be thy dreams, good night, good night. Sleep while the moon so

p

clar.

soft - ly glanc - ing Plays on the wave - lets danc - - ing..... Plays on the wave - lets danc - ing.

soft - ly glanc - ing Plays on the wave - lets danc - - ing..... Plays danc - ing.

The wave - - lets danc - ing.

Sleep, while the pale stars shed their light. Sweet be thy dreams, good night, good night. good night, good night, . . good night,

Sleep, while the pale stars shed their light, be thy dreams, good night, good night. good night, good

cres. p pp

night, good night,..... Sweet be thy dreams, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

..... good night, good night,

cres. f p pp

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

good night, good night. Sweet be thy dreams, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night,.....

cres. f pp

decres. ppp

night, good night, good night.....

decres. ppp

night, good night, good night.....

decres. ppp ppp

GOOD MORROW TO MY LADY BRIGHT.

No. 18. Mrs. C. COWDEN CLARKE. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* C. A. MACIRONE.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT.

Allegro brillantе con fuoco.

mf

1. Good mor - row my la - dy bright bright, I'll ear - ly sing beneath her ... bow'r, Let oth - ers ser - e - nade by night, I'll choose the bril - liant morn - ing hour, I'll

2. The moon is fair, And like my love, Be - nig - nant, gracious, so is she; It sheds a ra - diance from a - bove, And smiles on all, as she on me, And

3. Ap-pear my love, And beam with light; Thy lat - tice is mine o - ri - ent. A -rise and bless my long - ing sight, My heart a - waits thee ju - bi - lant, My

p

cres - cen - do. f

choose the brill - iant morning hour; Good mor - row, love, good mor - row, I'll choose the brill - iant morn - ing hour. Good morrow love, good mor -

smiles on all as she on me, Good mor - row, love, good mor - row. And smiles on all as she on me, good mor - row, good mor -

cres - cen - do f

heart, a - waits thee ju - bi - lant, Good mor - row, love, good mor - row, My heart a - waits thee ju - bi - lant; good mor - row, good mor -

cres - cen - do. f

- row, good mor - row love, good mor - row!

- row, good mor - row love, good mor - row!

1 & 2. V 3.

THE WELCOME HOME

No. 19.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

R. HAKING.

p Con moto — *cres.* — *f*

SOPRANO. Dear is the hour we reach our home, Where lov'd ones lov'd ones haste to greet us; Where each one wishes as we come, ... To be the first to be the first to meet us; Oh! when Time has spread his with - 'ring blight, His joys been but pro- smiles, Those eyes that beam those eyes that beam love-light - ed, Then we sor- row that we prix'd not more That love in deeds out-

ALTO. come To be the first

p — *cres.* — *f*

TENOR. When 'mid the storms of Life's rough toils, E'en Hope e'en Hope her-self's be- night - ed; Ah! then we think upon Love's

BASS. Oh! when Time has spread his Then we sor - row that we

ACCOMP. *Con moto. p* — *cres.* — *f* — *p*

cres.

- fess - ing, How dear to turn from the world's hard fight, And cling to home's true bless - ing!

- fess - ing, How dear to turn
spo - ken. And feel that ev'n that ev'n In- dia's price - less store Could nev - er gain that to - ken.

cres.

How dear
And feel

cres.

f

Oh! bliss - ful - ly sweet is that word call'd "home" To the way- worn soul as its greet - ings its greet - ings come.

f

Oh! bliss - ful - ly sweet is the word call'd "home" To the way -worn soul as its greet - ings its greet - ings come.

f

No. 20.

THE WINDLASS SONG.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

WALTER MACFARREN.

f Moderato.

1st TENOR. Heave at the wind- lass, Heave O. cheerly men heave O! heave at the wind- lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave! Heave all at once with a will! The

2nd TENOR.

f

1st BASS. Heave at the wind- lass, Heave O. cheerly men heave O! heave at the wind- lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave! Heave all at once with a will! The

2nd BASS.

Moderato.

ACCOMP.

f

tide's quick-ly flow - ing, Our cor - dage is creak -ing, The wa - ter has put on a frill, put on a frill. Heave at the wind - lass

flow - ing,

sf

f

tide's quick-ly flow - ing, Our cor - dage is creak - ing, The wa - ter has put on a frill, put on a frill, Heave at the wind - lass

sf

f

pesante.

Heave O, cheerly men, heave O! heave at the wind - - lass, heave O, cheerly men heave!

pesante. *mf*

Heave O, cheerly men, heave O! heave at the wind - - lass heave O, cheerly men heave! Once in blue wa - ter, Heave O, cheerly men heave O!

pesante. *mf*

mf *p*

Once in blue wa - - ter, Heave O. cheerly men, heave! Blow it from north or from south, She'll stand to it tight - ly and curt - sey po-

p

Once in blue wa - - ter, Heave O, cheerly men, heave! Blow it from north or from south, She'll stand to it tight - ly and curt - sey po-

p

THE WINDLASS SONG. Continued.

cres. *f* *pesante.*

- lite - ly, And carry a bone in her mouth. Heave at the wind -lass, heave O. cheerly men, heave O! heave at the wind- lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave!

cres. *f* *pesante.*

- lite - ly, And carry a bone in her mouth. Heave at the wind -lass, heave O. cheerly men, heave O! heave at the wind- lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave!

f *pesante.*

mf *ff*

Short cruise or long cruise. Heave O, cheerly men, heave O! Short cruise or long cruise, Heave O, cheerly men, heave O, Jol - ly Jack Tar

mf *ff*

Short cruise or long cruise, Heave O, cheerly men, heave O! Short cruise or long cruise, Heave O, cheerly men. heave O, Jol - ly Jack Tar

mf *ff*

dim. mf

thinks it one, No la - ti -tude dreads he of, White, Black or Red Sea. Great icebergs or tropical sun, Short cruise or long cruise, Heave O, cheerly men

dim. mf

thinks it one, No la - ti -tude dreads he of, White Black or Red Sea. Great icebergs or tropical sun, Short cruise or long cruise Heave O, cheerly men

dim.

f

heave O, Heave at the wind - lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave! One o - ther turn and Heave O cheerly men, heave O, one o -ther turn and

f

heave O, Heave at the wind - lass. heave O, cheerly men, heave! One o -ther turn and Heave O cheerly men, heave O, one o -ther turn and

f

THE WINDLASS SONG. Concluded.

p

Heave O cheerly men, heave, Heave and good-bye to the shore! Our mon- ey, how went it? We shared it and spent it. Next year we'll come back with some more.

p

Heave O cheerly men, heave, Heave and good-bye to the shore! Our mon - ey, how went it? We shared it and spent it. Next year we'll come back with some more.

p

f *pesante.* *sf* *sf ritard.* *ff* *ff*

Heave at the wind - lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave O! heave at the wind - lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave, heave O,.... heave O, heave O!

f *pesante.* *sf* *sf ritard.* *ff* *ff*

Heave at the wind - lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave O! heave at the wind - lass, heave O, cheerly men, heave, heave O,.... heave O, heave O!

pesante. *sf* *sf ritard.* *ff* *ff*

GOOD MORROW.

No. 21.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

AGNES ZIMMERMANN.

mf Allegro. *cres.* *f* *pp*

SOPRANO. Pack clouds a - way and welcome day, With night we ban - ish sor - row, Sweet air, blow soft, mount larks, mount a - loft, To give my love good morn- row, To give my love good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, To give my love, good

ALTO.

mf *cres.* *f* *pp*

TENOR. Pack clouds a - way and welcome day, With night we ban - ish sor - row, Sweet air, blow soft, mount larks, mount a - loft, To give my love good mor - row, To give my love good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, To give my love, good

BASS. Good mor - row, good mor - row,

ACCOMPT.

cres. *f* *pp* *p*

Good morrow. Continued.

mor - row, good mor - row, Wings from the wind to please her mind, Notes from the lark..... I'll bor - row,

pp

mor - row, good mor - row, Wings from the wind to please her mind, Notes from the lark..... I'll bor - row, Bird, prune thy

pp

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

Bird prune thy wing, night - in - gale sing, To give my love good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor-row, good

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *p*

Bird prune thy wing, night - in - gale sing, To give my love good mor - row, good mor-row, good

wing. thy wing, good mor - row,

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *p*

Good morrow. Continued.

cres. f pp f p

mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, To give my love good mor - - - - row..... Wake

cres. f pp f p

mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, To give my love good mor - - - - row..... Wake

cres. f pp p

cres. f pp f p

cres. f pp cres.

from thy nest, rob-in red - breast, Sing birds, in ev - 'ry fur - row, And from each hill..... let mu - sic shrill Give

cres. f pp cres.

from thy nest, rob-in red - breast, Sing birds, in ev - 'ry fur - row, And from each hill..... let mu - sic shrill Give

cres. f pp cres.

cres. f pp cres.

Good morrow. Continued.

my fair love good mor - row, Give my fair love good mor - row, Good mor - row, good mor - row, Sing my fair love, good

my fair love good mor - row, Give my fair love good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, Sing my fair love, good

Good mor - row, good mor - row,

mor - row, good mor - row, Black - bird and thrush in ev - ry bush, Stare,..... lin - net, and cock sparrow.

mor - row, good mor - row, Black - bird and thrust in ev - ry bush, Stare lin - net, and cock sparrow. You

Good morrow. Concluded.

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.*

You pret - ty elves a -mong your - selves, Sing my fair love good mor - row, good mor - row, good mor-row, good

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *p* *cres.*

You pret - ty elves a -mong your - selves, Sing my fair love good mor - row, good mor-row, good

pret - ty elves . good mor - row,

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *p*

f *pp* *f* *rit.*

mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, Sing my fair love good mor - - - - - row.....

f *pp* *f*

mor - row, good mor - row, good mor - row, Sing my fair love good mor - - - - - row.....

cres. *f* *p* *f* *rit.*

THE WIND.

No. 22.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

J. BARNBY.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT.

f *piccolo pausa*

Loud and free, loud and free. Loud and free. loud and free;

f *f*

The wind went forth o'er land and sea, Loud and free, loud and free, Went forth o'er land, o'er land and sea. Loud and free, loud and free;

piccolo pausa

rall. *p ritardando.* *poco a poco* *pp*

Foam-ing waves leapt up to meet it, State-ly pines bow'd down to greet it, While the wail-ing sea, And the for-est's mur-mur'd sigh,

rall. *p ritardando.* *poco a poco.* *pp*

Foam-ing waves leapt up to meet it, State-ly pines bow'd down to greet it, While the wail-ing, wail-ing sea, And the for-est's mur-mur'd sigh,

rall *p ritardando.* *pp* *poco a poco.*

f a tempo. cres. *ff* *dim.* *p*

Join'd the cry, join'd the cry, Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea..... Ten - der -ly, ten - der -ly,

f a tempo. cres. *ff* *dim.* *p* *p*

Join'd the cry, join'd the cry, Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea..... The wind was whisp'ring on the lea, Ten - der -ly, ten - der-ly, Was

f a tempo. cres. *dim* *p*

piccolo pausa. *rall.*

Ten - der - ly ten - der-ly. But the white rose felt it pass, And the fra - gile stalks of grass,

piccolo pausa. *rall.*

whisp'ring, whisp'ring on the lea, Ten - der - ly, ten - der-ly. But the white rose felt it pass, And the fra - gile stalks of grass,

rall.

The wind. Continued.

pp ritardando. *poco a poco.* *a tempo.* *cres.* *dim.*

Shook with fear to see all her trembling pe - tals shed, As it fled, as it fled, So gent - ly by, the wind up - on the

pp ritardando. *poco a poco.* *a tempo.* *cres.* *dim.*

Shook with fear, with fear to see all her trembling pe - tals shed, As it fled, as it fled, So gent - ly by, the wind up - on the

pp ritardando. *poco a poco.* *a tempo. cres.* *dim*

f *piccolo pausa.*

lea..... Fierce and free, fierce and free, Fierce and free, fierce and free.

f *f*

lea.... .. Blow, blow, thou wind, up - on the sea, Fierce and free, fierce and free, up - on the sea, Blow, blow thou wind, Fierce and free, fierce and free.

f *piccolo pausa.*

mp *rall.* *p ritardando.* *poco a poco.* *pp*

And a gent - ler mes - sage send, Where frail flow'rs and grass - es bend, On the sun - ny lea; For thy bid - ding still is one;

mp *rall.* *p ritardando.* *poco a poco.* *pp*

And a gent - ler mes - sage send, Where frail flow'rs and grass - es bend, On the sun - ny, sun - ny lea; For thy bid - ding still is one;

rall. *p ritardando.* *pp* *poco a poco.*

a tempo. *f* *Accel - ff - - molto - e* *cres.*

Be it done, be it done, In ten - derness or wrath, on land or sea, on land or sea.....

f *ff* *cres.*

Be it done, be it done, In ten - derness or wrath, on land or sea, on land or sea, on land or sea.....

a tempo. *Accel - - - molto - - e* *cres.*

THE FAIRY RING.

No. 23.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

J. LEMMENS.

p Animato allegretto.

SOPRANO. 1. Light - ly dance ye, rov - ers from fai - ry land, Star - like, twink - ling fire - spir - its bring,

ALTO.

TENOR. 2. Gai - ly fai - ries, sing we our roun - de - lay, fra - grant val - leys ech - o with the sound,.....

BASS.

ACCOMPT. *p*

cres. Night - ly dance we o - ver this mer - ry land, Bound - ing round our fai - ry ring.. *f* Has-ten through green

Lul - la - bies chant

Thro' green

Soft - ly min - gle voic - es of gnome and fay, Chim - ing bell - like, sweet-ly a - round, Lul - la -

cres. *f* *f*

dells while star - light gleams, Mortals wea - ried, now lie steep'd in dreams; While springing, flashing, darting light and free, Now
we where dull bees sleep, Bee-tles wak'n - ing from green co - vert creep; While hap -py, care-less, joy-ous in our song. Now

dells while star - light gleams, Mortals now lie steep'd in dreams; While spring - ing, While springing, flashing, darting
- bies, where dull bees sleep, Bee-tles from green co - verts creep, While hap - py, While hap-py, careless, joyous

laughing, shouting, singing mer- ri - ly, Then springing, flashing, darting light and free, Still laughing, shouting, singing mer-ri - ly; Twinkling feet, laughing eyes, hands together
dancing, leaping, springing as we throng, So hap- py, care-less, joy-ous in our song, Still dancing, leap-ing, springing on we throng, Ro -sy lips, flush-ing cheeks, hair all floating

light and free, so light and free, Now laugh - ing, now laughing, shouting, singing merri-ly, so mer - ri - ly, Twinkling feet, laughing eyes, hands together
in our song, While in our song, Now danc - ing, now dancing, leaping, springing as we throng; now as we throng, Ro- sy lips, flush-ing cheeks, hair all floating

dim. *f*

bound, While the primrose sleeps, drooping on the ground. Sweep we o'er the grass in our mag-ic, mag - ic round. watch our love.
free. Streaming in the wind as we onward flee, Thro' the gras-sy brake, or the daisied, dai - sied lea. light our feet.

dim. *cres.* *f*

bound, to - geth - er, bound to - geth - er bound, Gai-ly as we rove. Lil-lies watch our love, watch our love.
free, all float - ing free, all float - ing free, Where the twin stars meet, Glowworms light our feet, light our feet.

bound, ... Daisies mark our flight;
free, ... Twilight o'er our heads,

dim *cres.* *f*

p

Light - ly dance ye, rov - ers from fai - ry land, Star - like, twink - ling fire - spir - its bring,

p

Gai - ly fai - ries, sing we our roun - de - lay, fra - grant val - leys ech - o with the sound, ...

p

cres. p

Night - ly dance we o - ver this mer - ry land, Bound - ing round our fai - ry ring Swift as a Mor - tals we

Now a - way! .....

Soft - ly min - gle voic - es of gnome and fay, Chim - ing bell - like sweet- ly a - round, Come a - way! .....

cres. p dim.

pp cres. ff

s ream, morn - ing rays gleam, Thro' wood and dell at break of day. Ye fays, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way ...

stream, Now a-way! .....

hear, Come a-way! .....

cres. ff

... day - light is near, Our ring is made ere break of day. Ye fays, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way....

pp cres. ff

THE SONG OF THE TRITON.

No. 24. Words by F. C. BURNAND. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* J. L. MOLLOY.

Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accompt.

Vivace.

f *p*

p

1. Once on a time, so I've been told, There liv'd a fish - er's daugh - ter, Who lov'd they said, a Tri - ton bold, Who

p

2. Come dwell with me, the Tri - ton said' And laugh'd a smile so sun - ny, Yes I will come, the maid re - plied, For

p

came up from the wa - ter; Oft in his hands a net he'd hold, In ris - ing and in sink - ing, Shin-ing with co - ral, pearl, and gold, Which

love and not for mon - ey; Then she leapt in, and of her fate, No one a-mongst her kin knows, Thus was the fish - girl mar-ried to the

he kept ev - er clink - ing, clink - e - ty, clink, clink, clinke- ty, clink, Which he kept ev - er clink - ing, clink-e-ty, clink, clink, clink-e-ty, clink, Which

And he kept ev - er clink - ing, And

Tri - ton, 'mongst the min - nows, clink-e- ty, clink, clink, clink-e-ty, clink, clink, clink -ing, clink - ing, clink - ing, clink, clink-e- ty, clink, clink, clink-e-ty, clink, clink,

he kept ev - er clink - ing,..... clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink.

p *ritard.*

clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty,

p *ritard.*

p *ritard.*

p *a tempo.*

Once on a time, so I've been told, There liv'd a fish - er's daugh - ter, Who lov'd, they said, a Tri - ton bold, Who

pp

Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink,

a tempo.

p

came up from the wa - ter; Clinke - ty clink, the Tri - ton; Clinke - ty clink, the Tri - ton, Clink, clinke-ty, clink-e-ty, clink-e - ty, clink.

clink clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink. clink, clink, clink, cink, clinke- ty, clinke- ty, clinke - ty. clink,

1st. time.

clink, clink, clink. clink, tra - la.....

clink, clink, clink. clink, tra - la.....

THE MARCH IN "NORMA."

No. 25. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* W. H. BIRCH.

Allegretto energico.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT.

1. Gal - lant hearts all with pure love you're bound - - ing, On - ward press ye brave - ly for - ward to the fight,..... For hearts and homes, for hon - or bright, Now the

2. Pa - triot soul mount your steeds, all are neigh - - ing, For - ward rush ye brave - ly on - ward to the field;..... Your coun - try calls, the foe must yield, Now the

glo - rious sun breaks thro' the shades of night. On to bat - tle the cla - rion loud is sound - ing, Wait ye

glo - rious cause high Heav'n it - self will shield, Giv - ing bless - ing, to all hearts there - in stay - ing, Doubt ye

not but fol - low on when dan - ger ris - es! Comrades come where the shot and shell sur - pris - es, Sor - row

not but press ye on while Heav - en steer - eth! Comrades press on; the brave soul nev - er fear - eth, Sword of

THE MARCH IN "NORMA." Concluded.

reign - eth not when hon - or calls us there. Hon -or calls, calls us there, Hon - or calls, comrades, hon - or calls us

God him - self in - vin - ci - ble, ye wield. Hon -or calls, calls us there, Hon - or calls, comrades, hon - or calls us

there, Hon - or calls, call us there, Hon - or calls, comrades, hon - or calls us there.....

there, Hon - or calls, calls us there, Hon - or calls, comrades, hon - or calls us there.....

Words by THOS. MOORE.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Music by SOLON WILDER.

1st Sop.

pp *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *f*

Those evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their mu-sic tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When last I heard your

2d Sop.

1st Alto.

pp *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *f*

Those evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their mu-sic tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When last I heard your

2d Alto.

dim. *accel - e - stacc.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

sooth - ing chime. Those joy-ous hours are pass'd a - way; And many a heart that then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells,

dim. *accel - e - stacc.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

sooth - ing chime. Those joy-ous hours are pass'd a - way; And many a heart that then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells,

Those Evening Bells. Concluded.

a tempo. *dim.* *rit.* *p*

And hears no more those evening bells, Those eve - ning bells, And thus 'twill be when I am gone—That tuneful peal will still ring on While

a tempo. *dim.* *rit.* *p*

And hears no more those evening bells, Those eve - ning bells, And thus 'twill be when I am gone—That tuneful peal will still ring on While

pp *cres.* *cres.* *rit. e dim.*

oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells.

pp *cres.* *cres.* *rit. e dim.*

oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells.

SILENT NIGHT.

No. 27.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMP.

p Larghetto. *dim.* *pp* *cres* - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleaming bright: Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleaming bright: Now the stars are

p *dim.* *pp* *cres* - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Ho- ly Peace! Kindly Peace! Weary hands from toil release: Ho- ly Peace! Kind-ly Peace! Wea -ry hands from toil release, Weary hands from

Larghetto. *dim.* *pp* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do.*

p

mf *mp* *cres.* *dim.* *p* *pp* *e rall.*

gleaming bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r, Silv'ring stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Si - lent, Peace-ful night: ..

mf *mp* *cres.* *dim.* *p* *pp* *e rall.*

toil re-lease: Weary eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep. Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com -fort, rest, and peace! ..

mf *mp* *cres.* *dim.* *p* *pp* *e rall.*

PILGRIMS CHORUS.

No. 28. From Wagner's "Tannhauser." *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* W. F. TAYLOR.

p Andante maestoso.

SOPRANO. Far wan- d'ring from our fa - ther-land, To where that bright star's glo - rious ray Brought won-d'ring wise men to the spot Where

ALTO. *p*

TENOR. Far wan- d'ring from our fa - ther-land, To where that bright star's glo - rious ray Brought won - d'ring wise men to the spot Where

BASS.

ACCOMP. *p*

mf *p*

a babe in a man - ger lay. To where the won - d'ring shep - herds

p

a babe in a man - ger lay To where the won - d'ring shep - herds

m *p*

PILGRIMS CHORUS'. Continued.

f p cres.

saw And heard the an - gel - cho - rus sing, Glo - ry to God, Peace be on earth, For

f p

saw And heard the an - gel - cho - rus sing; Glo - ry to God, Peace be on earth, For

f p cres.

f p

we to all glad ti - dings bring. Glo-ry to God, To God most high, ... With

f p

we to all glad ti - dings bring. Glo-ry to God, To God most high, ... With

f p

Pilgrims chorus. Concluded.

ff

fer - vent hope and hum - ble faith, We seek that spot, that ho - ly shrine, Where-in such low - ly state did lie; Him that's all

ff

fer - vent hope and hum - ble faith, We seek that spot, that ho - ly shrine, Where - in such low - ly state did lie; Him that's all

ff

mf

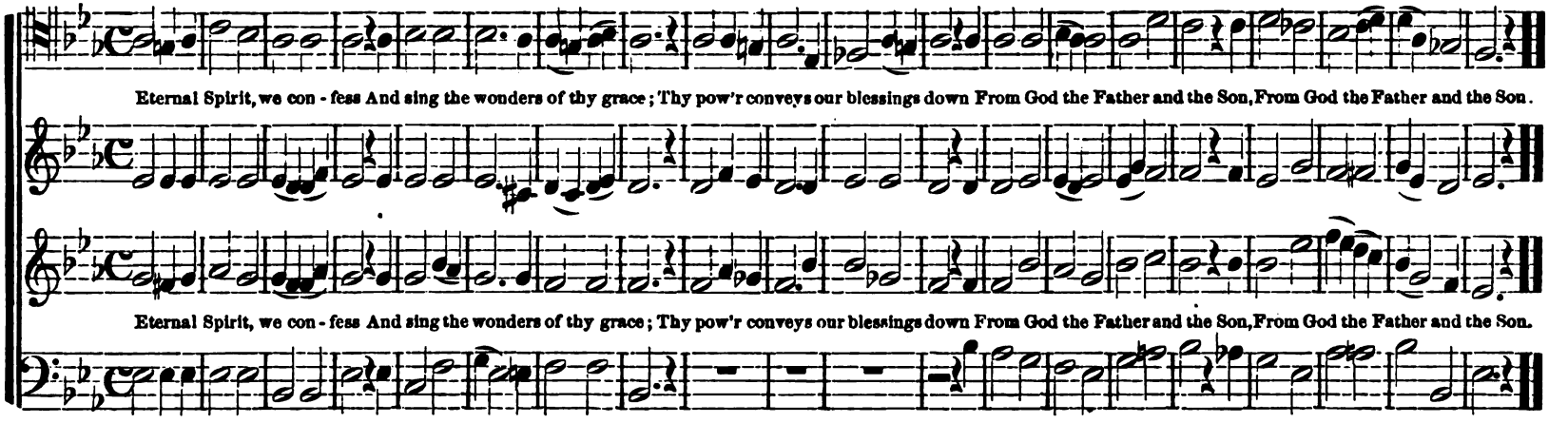
glo - rious and di - vine, All praise to Him, All praise to Him who reigns on high, To Him who rules earth, sea, and sky.

glo - rious and di - vine, All praise to Him, All praise to Him who reigns on high, To Him who ru es earth. sea. and sky.

p

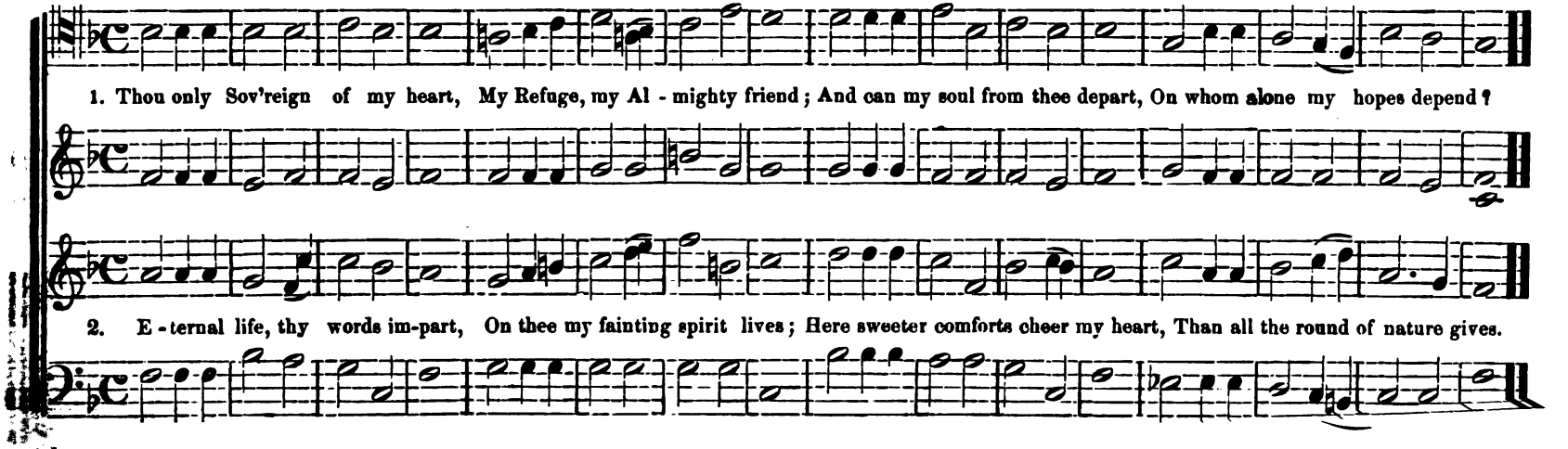
DAWES. L. M.

A. D. ALBEE.



FLINT. L. M.

J. L. GILBERT.



MOORE. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

ARCANUM. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Andantino.

1. Blest hour! when mor-tal man re - tires To hold com-mu - nion with his God, To send to heav'n his warm desires, And lis - ten to the sa-cred word.

rit et dim.

2. Blest hour! when God him-self draws nigh, Well pleased his people's voice to hear, To hush the pen - i - ten-tial sigh, And wipe a - way the mourner's tear.

ELLIS. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Spirited.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A-wake! my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosan-na to th'e-ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace! God, in the per - son of his Son, Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

HASKINS. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

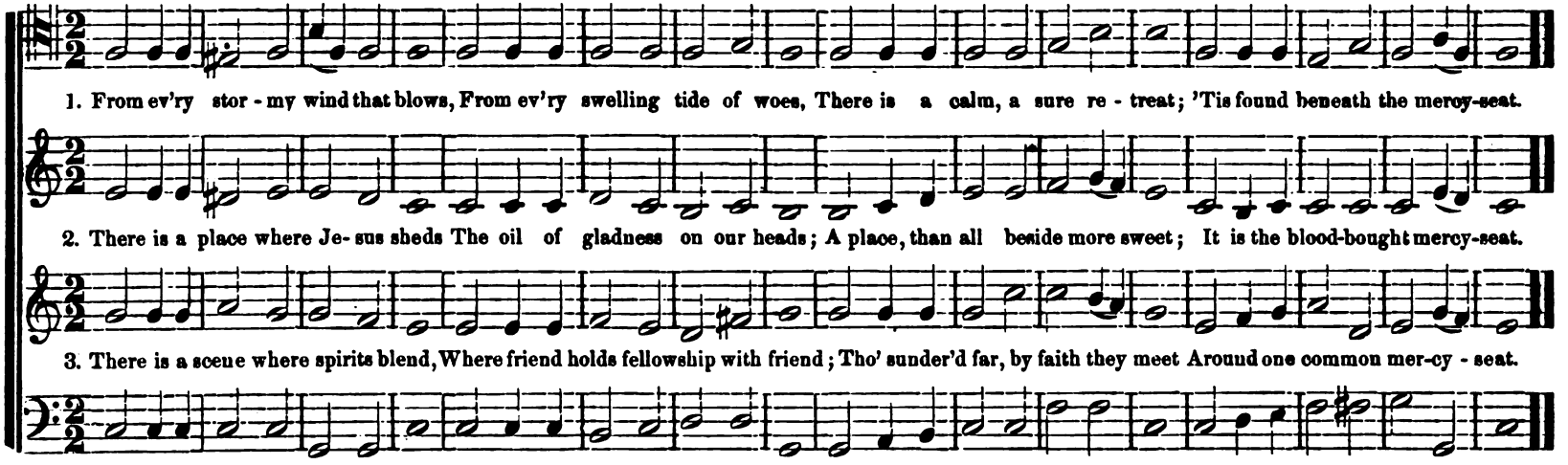
1. My God, per - mit me not to be A stranger to my - self and thee; A-midst a thousand tho'ts I rove, For-get - ful of thy high-est love.

cres - cen - - - do.

2. Call me away from flesh and sense, One sov'reign word can draw me thence; I would obey the voice divine, And all in - fe - rior joys re - sign.

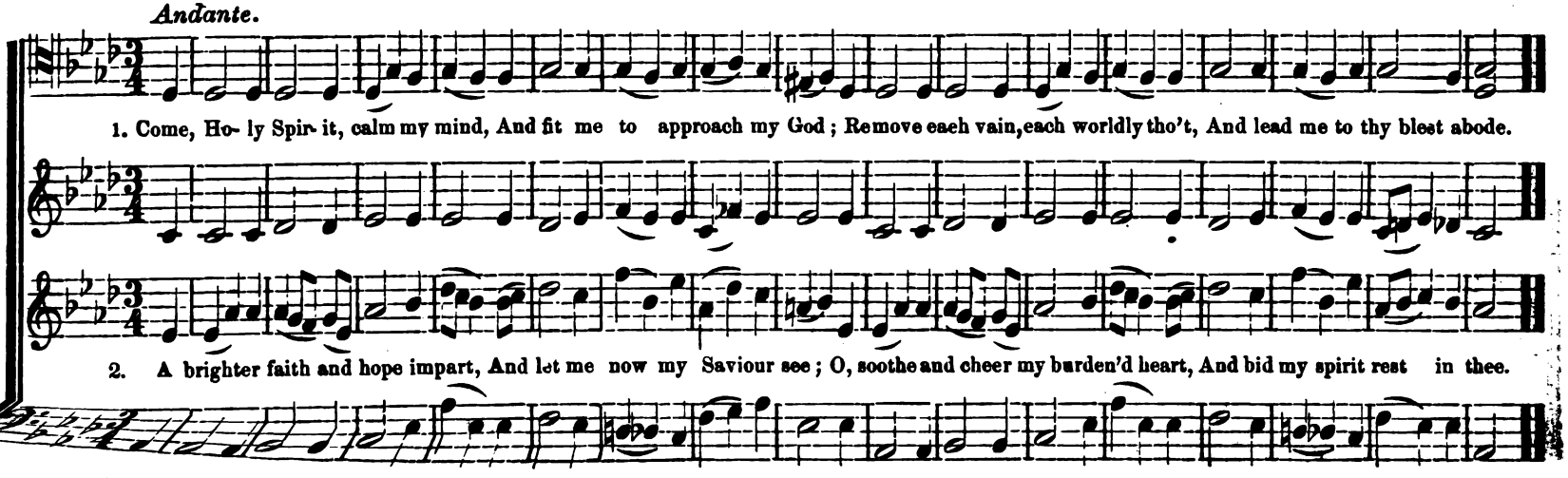
Mercy-Seat. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.



Buffinton. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.



AUSTIN. L. M.

E. L. BUFFINTON.

Light of my soul! O Saviour dear; Soon as thy presence fills my breast, Darkness and guilt are put to flight, And all is sweetness and de - light.

Light of my soul! O Saviour dear; Soon as thy presence fills my breast, Darkness and guilt are put to flight, And all is sweetness and de - light.

KNIGHT. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Lord, when my tho'ts delighted rove, A - mid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart, And bids intruding fears depart.

2. Be all my heart and all my days, De - vot-ed to my Saviour's praise, And let my glad o - bedience prove How much I owe, how much I love.

WINSHIP. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. Oh, the sweet wonders of the cross, Where my Re-deemer lov'd and died; Her noblest life my spi - rit draws From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

2. I would for - ev - er speak his name In sounds to mortal ears unknown; With angels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at his Father's throne.

PUTNAM, L. M.

RICHARD D. BLANCHARD.

Maestoso.

1. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God! Above the heav'ns where angels dwell; Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

2. My heart is fixed; my song shall raise Immortal hon - ors to thy name: Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise, My tongue, the glory of my frame.

WEYMOUTH. L. M.

RICHARD D. BLANCHARD.

1. Praise, ev-er-last-ing praise, be paid, To him who earth's foundations laid; Praise to the God whose strong decrees Sway the crea-tion as he pleasc.

3. Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules his people by his word; And there, as strong as his decrees, Reveals his kindest promis-es.

SUBMISSION. L. M.

B. F. GILBERT.

1. Where shall I look for ho-ly calm, But in thy blood, thou dying Lamb? My only hope of mer-cy lies In thine a-ton-ing sac-ri-fice.

2. The world's tempta-tions may as-sail, Its friendships cease, its comforts fail; But if thy peace, dear Lord, be mine, All else submis-sive I re-sign.

LESTER. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci-ty of our God, Life, love, and joy,— still glid - ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a bode.

2. That sacred stream, thy holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promis - es af -ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

Organ. Voice.

SPRING. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Moderato.

1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love and joy, still gliding thro,' And wat'ring our divine a - bode.

2. That sacred stream, thy ho - ly word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promis - es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

HUBBELL. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

With feeling. *cres.* *dim. e rit.*

1. Asleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep, A calm and undis - turbed re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest, No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That mani - fests the Sa - vior's pow'r.

HANSCOM. L. M.

J. A. RISING.

Andante.

1. My spir - it looks to God a - lone; My rock and ref - uge is his throne; In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his salvation waits.

2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways; Pour out your hearts be- fore his face; When helpers fail and foes invade, God is our all - sufficient aid.

WHITMAN. L. M. No. 1.

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

1. Before Je - ho - vah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate and he destroy.

cres. *dim.* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

2. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He bro't us to his fold a-gain.

WHITMAN, L. M. No. 2.

T. P. RYDER.

Spirited.

3. We'll crowd thy gate with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4. Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

ILSLEY. L. M.

GILBERT.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, calm my.... mind, And fit me to ap - proach my God; Re - move each vain, each world- ly

2. A bright - er faith and hope im - part, And let me now my Sav - iour see; Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened

thought, And lead me to thy blest a - - bode.

heart, And bid my spir - it rest in thee.

EMERSON. L. M.

With Spirit.

T. P. RYDER.

1. A - rise, a - rise, with joy sur - vey The

2. Aus - pi - cious dawn! thy ris - ing ray, With

glo - ry of the lat - ter day: Al - ready is.... the dawn be - gun, Which marks at hand the ris - ing sun.

joy we view, and hail the day; Great sun of right - eous - ness, a - rise, And fill the world with glad sur - prise.

STEVENS. L. M.

J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove; Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.

RYDER. L. M.

C. R. FORD.

Choral.

1. Come, O my soul! in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - ator's praise; But oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2. Enthroned a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo- ry, like a garment, wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

ORISON. L. M.

Arr. by E. L. BUFFINTON.

Andante.

1. How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the presence of the Lord; Dear Savior, on thy peo- ple smile, And come, ac-cord - ing to thy word.

2. From bu - sy scenes we now re-treat, That we may here converse with thee; Ah! Lord, behold us at thy feet! Let this the "gate of he ıven" be.

REISSEGER. L. M.

Arr. by E. L. BUFFINTON.

1. Lord, when my tho'ts de-light-ed rove A - mid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart, And bids in-trud - ing care de - part.

2. Be all my heart and all my days De - vo- ted to my Savior's praise; And let my glad o - bedience prove How much I owe, how much I love.

MORNING. L. M.

BARTHOLEMON.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and early rise To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run: Shake off dull sloth, and early rise To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice.

FOUNTAIN. L. M.

LYSBERG.

Andantino.

1. Come, Gracious Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove; Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide. O'er ev'ry tho't and step preside.

2. Lead us to ho-li-ness, the road Which we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the living way, Nor let us from his pastures stray.

EVENING. L. M.

Moderato.

Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near: Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

MONTEZUMA. L. M.

GEO. H. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Still evening comes, with gen-tle shade, Sweet harbinger of balmy rest; From toilsome hours and anxious tho'ts Revolv-ing in the pen-sive breast.

2. The hour is sweet when tumults cease; The scene obscured inspires my eyes, And darkness marks the lov'd retreat Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

OLIVE. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suff'ring Savior prays a - lone.

2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Savior wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis - ciple whom he loved, Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

ROSS. L. M.

J. L. GILBERT.

1. Thee we a-dore, e - ter - nal Lord! We praise thy name with one ac-cord; Thy saints, who here thy goodness see, Thro' all the world do worship thee.

2. To thee a-loud all an-gels cry, And ceaseless raise their songs on high; Both cheru- bim and ser - a- phim, The heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein.

PRESTON. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

With feeling.

1. With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea! Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee; Oh, to the wea-ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny, Support me, cheer me from a - bove, And gent-ly whisper, "Come to me."

VESPERS. L. M.

J. C. WARREN.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un-der thine own Almight-y wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

BALDWIN. L. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Thee we adore, e- ter - nal Lord! We praise thy name with one accord; Thy saints, who here thy goodness see, Thro' all the world do wor -ship thee.

2. To thee a-loud all an - gels cry, And ceaseless raise their songs on high, Both cherubim and ser - a- phim, The heav'ns and all the pow'rs there-in.

STRATTON. L. M.

HOWARD M. DOW.

Bless, O my soul! the liv-ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a - broad: Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di- vine.

Bless, O my soul! the liv-ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a - broad: Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and worship so di- vine.

Bless, O my soul! the living God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a broad: Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di- vine.

1. Thou art, O God! the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re-flec - tions

2. When day, with farewell beam delays A - mong the opening clouds of even, And we can al-most think we gaze Through golden vis - tas

3. When night with wings of star-ry gloom O'er-shadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume Is sparkling with un-

caught from thee; Where'er I turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

in - to heav'n—Those hues that mark the sun's de-cline, So soft, so ra - diant, Lord, are thine, So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

- num - bered eyes— That sa - cred gloom, those fires di-vine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

BARTHOLDY. L. M. DOUBLE.

(Or, 6 Lines, by omitting the Repeat.)

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

1. { Thou on - ly sov - reign of my heart, My Ref - uge, my Al - might - y friend! / And can my soul from thee de - part, On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend? } E - ter - nal life thy words im - part;

1. { Let earth's al - lur - ing joys com - bine; While thou art near, in vain they call; / One smile, one bliss - ful smile of thine, My dear - est Lord! outweighs them all. } Low at thy feet my soul would lie;

On thee my faint - ing spir - it lives; Here sweet - er com - forts cheer my heart, Than all the round of na - ture gives.

Here safe - ty dwells, and peace di - vine; Still let me live beneath thine eye, For life, e - ter - nal life is thine.

ARTHUR. C. M.

T. P RYDER.

Majestically.

1. To our Re-deemer's glorious name, A-wake the sa-cred song; Oh, may his love, im-mor-tal flame! Tune ev-'ry heart and tongue.

2. Oh, may the sweet, the bliss-ful theme Fill ev-'ry heart and tongue! Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sa-cred song.

RUTLAND. C. M.

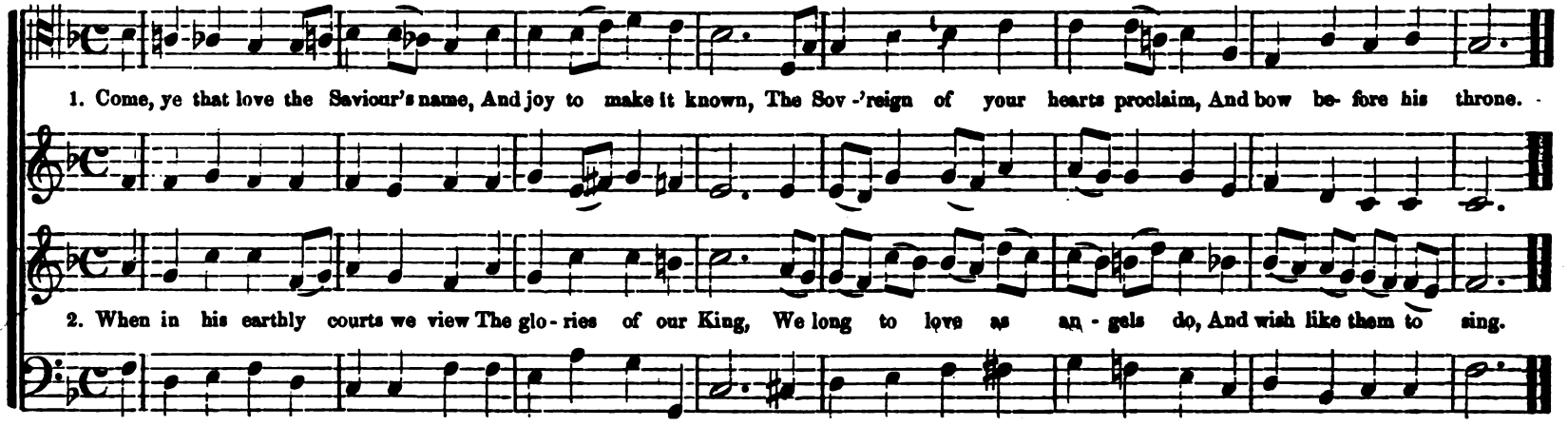
J. A. RISING.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy refresh-ing grace, And thy refreshing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I behold thy face, Thou Ma-jes-ty di-vine, Thou Ma-jes-ty di-vine!

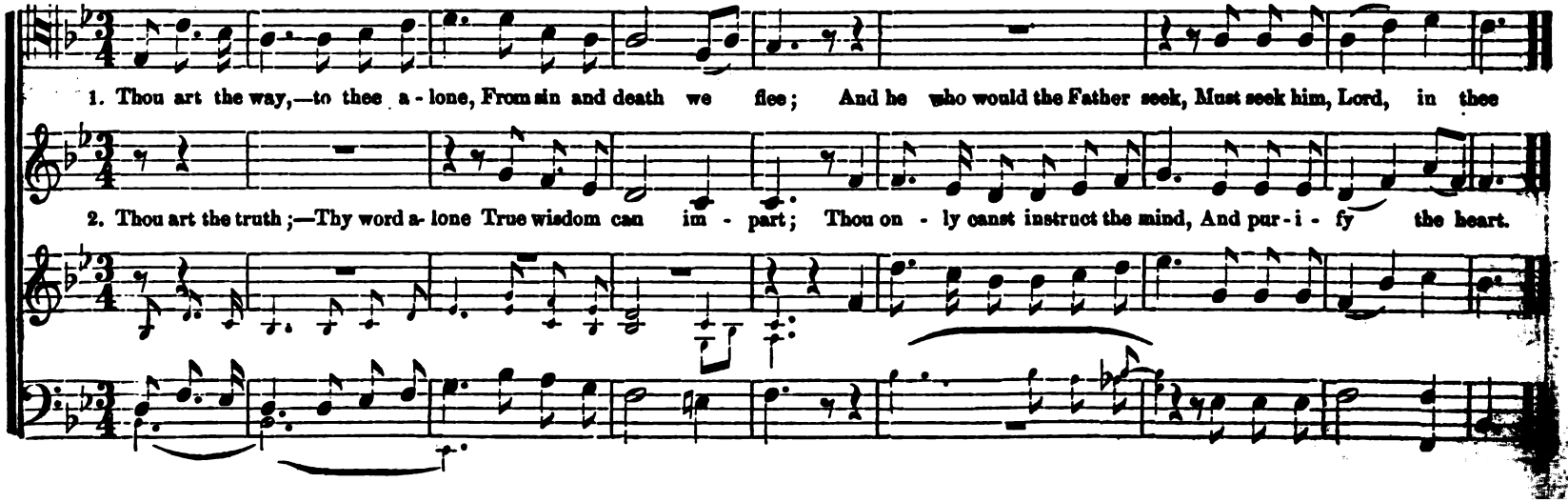
NICHOLS. C. M.

GEO. H. RYDER.



ENDLESS DAY. C. M.

E. H. BAILEY.



GIFFE. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. Almigh - ty Lord, be - fore thy throne Thy mourning peo - ple bend; 'Tis on thy pard'ning grace a - lone, Our dy - ing hopes depend.

dim. *p*

2. Dark judgments, from thy hea - vy hand, Thy dreadful pow'r dis - play; Yet mer - cy spares our guil - ty land, And still we live to pray.

TWILIGHT. C. M.

Arr. from MOZART.

Gently.

As now the sun's de- clin - ing rays, Towards the eve de - scend; E'en so our years are sink - ing down To their ap -point-ed end.....

As now the sun's de- clin - ing rays, Towards the eve de - scend; E'en so our years are sink - ing down To their ap -point-ed end. ...

NASHVILLE. C. M.

J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato.

1. My God! the cov'nant of thy love A-bides for - ev - er sure; And in its matchless grace I feel My hap- pi - ness se - cure.

2. I wel-come all thy sov'reign will, For all that will is love; And when I know not what thou dost, I wait the light a - bove.

BAGLEY. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Legato.

1. Dear Fath - er, to thy mer - cy - seat, My soul for shel -ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re -treat When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheer - ful hope can nev - er die, If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my com -forts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.

FURBER. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Gently.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams When heated by the chase, So longs my soul, O God for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirs-ty soul doth pine, O, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Maj-es-ty di-vine.

DORA. C. M.

J. C. WARREN.

Gently.

1. The shadows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky, Up-on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of evening lie.

p *Dim.* *Cres.* *Dim.*

2. The shadows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky, Up-on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of evening lie.

STONE. C. M.

J. L. GILBERT.

1. My Saviour! my al-might-y Friend! When I be-gin thy praise, Where will the grow-ing num-bers end, The numbers of thy grace?

2. Thou art my ev-er-last-ing trust; Thy goodness I a-dore: And since I knew thy gra-ces first, I speak thy glo-ries more.

DUNKIRK. C. M.

C. R. FORD.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause; Maintain the hon-or of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.

2. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause; Maintain the hon-or of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.

LEFAVOUR. C. M.

C. L. WALKER.

1. O, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. The dear-est i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly thee.

SHEPHERD. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Gently.

1. See, Israel's gen-tle shepherd stands, With all en-gag-ing charms, Hark! how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

2. Per-mit them to ap-proach, he cries, Nor scorn his hum-ble name, For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an-gels came.

3. Ye gen-tle flock, with pleasure hear, Ye chil-dren seek his face, And fly with transport to re-ceive, The blessings of his grace.

HUDSON. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. Dear Fa-ther, to thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel-ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tem-pests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can nev-er die If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish ev-'ry fear,

HOLMAN. C. M.

WM. CRANFIELD.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise, The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of thy name.

PERRY. C. M.

1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy, The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

2. Of his de-liv-'rance I will boast, Till all who are distress'd, From my ex-am-ple com-fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

FRANKLIN. C. M.

GILBERT.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine up-on the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

2. The dearest i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly thee.

LONDON. C. M.

DYKES.

Moderato.

On thee, each morning, O my God! My wak-ing tho'ts at-tend; In whom are found-ed all my hopes, In whom my wish-es end.

On thee, each morning, O my God! My wak-ing tho'ts at-tend; In whom are found-ed all my hopes, In whom my wish-es end.

AMAZEEN. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Spirited.

1. Thro' endless years thou art the same, O thou e-ter-nal God! Each fu-ture age shall know thy name, And tell thy works a-broad.

2. The strong founda-tions of the earth Of old by thee were laid; By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n With matchless skill was made.

CLARENCE. C. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. On Thee, each morn-ing, O my God, My wa - king tho'ts at- tend, In whom are founded all my hopes, In whom my wish-es end.

2. My soul in pleas- ing wonder lost, Thy bound-less love sur- veys; And fired with grate-ful zeal, pre-pares The sac - ri - fice of praise

DEVOTION. C. M.

ENGLISH.

Slowly.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for - ev - er thine, I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet con- vers - ing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

ELLISON. C. M. DOUBLE.

HOWARD M. DOW.

1. The dove, let loose in eastern skies, Re- turning fond-ly home,..... Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies, Where i - dle warblers roam: But

2. So grant me, Lord, from ev -'ry snare Of sin - ful passion free,..... A - loft, thro' faith's seren - er air, To urge my course to thee; No

high she shoots thro' air and light, A - bove all low de - lay;..... Where nothing earth - ly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her way.

sin to cloud, no lure to stay My soul, as home she springs;.... Thy sun - shine on her joy - ful way, Thy free - dom in her wings.

JERUSALEM. C. M. Double..

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home, Name ev - er dear to me, When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee? Oh,

2. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, No sin nor sor - row know, Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you. Why

when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where ev - er - more the an - gels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end.

should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.

WENTWORTH. C. M. Double.

THALBERG.

Andante.

1. The twi- light falls, the night is near, I fold my work a - way, And kneel to One who bends to hear The sto - ry of a day. The

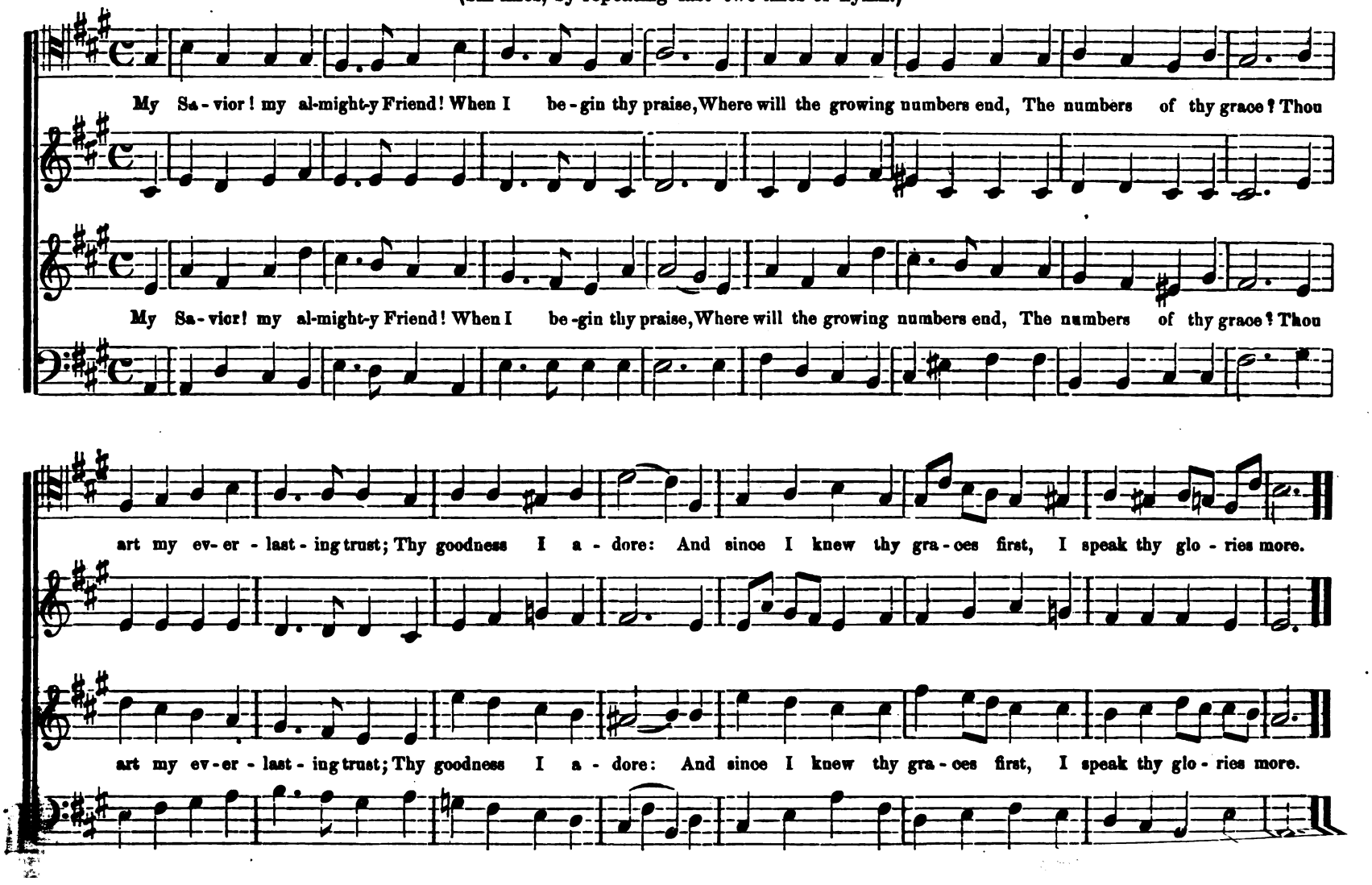
2. Yes, all! the morning and the night, The joy, the grief, the loss, The roughen'd path, the sunbeam bright, The hour- ly thorn and cross. Thou

old, old sto - ry; yet I kneel To tell it at thy call, And cares grow lighter as I feel That Je - sus knows them all.

knowest all, I lean my head, My wea - ry eye - lids close, Con-tent and glad a - while to tread This path, since Je - sus knows.

Bay State. C. M. Double.

(Six lines, by repeating last two lines of hymn.)



CALVARY. C. M. Double.

GEO. H. RYDER.

Gently.

1. There is a dear and hallowed spot Oft present to my eye— By saints it ne'er can be for- got—That place is Cal- va- ry. Oh,

2. When faint -ing un-der guilt's dread load, Un- to the cross I'll fly; And trust the mer - it of that blood Which flow'd at Cal-va- ry. When-

what a scene was there displayed, Of love and ag - o - ny, When our Redeem - er bow'd his head, And died on Cal-va - ry!

-e'er I feel temp- ta-tion's power, On Je - sus I'll re - ly; And in the sharp con- flict -ing hour, Re - pair to Cal-va - ry.

MEHUL, C. M. Double.

Arr. from MEHUL.

Moderato.

1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. Of

2. Oh, make but tri - al of his love: Ex - perience will de - cide How blest are they, and on - ly they, Who in his truth con-fide. Fear

his de - liv'-rance I will boast, Till all who are distressed, From my ex - am - ple com - fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

him, ye saints, and ye will then Have nothing else to fear; Make ye his ser - vice your delight, He'll make your wants his care.

ALDEN. S. M.

BARNBY.

Sweet is thy mer - cy, Lord! Be - fore thy mer - cy seat, My soul a - dor - ing pleads thy word, And owns thy mer - cy sweet.

Sweet is thy mer - cy, Lord! Be - fore thy mer - cy seat, My soul a - dor - ing pleads thy word, And owns thy mer - cy sweet.

PASTORALE. S. M.

BARNBY. Arr. by HENRY BASFORD, JR.

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side!

2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

WEBB. S. M.

GILBERT.

Not too Slowly.

1. The Lord my shepherd is,.... I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine and I am his,— What can I want be-side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

MYRTLE. S. M.

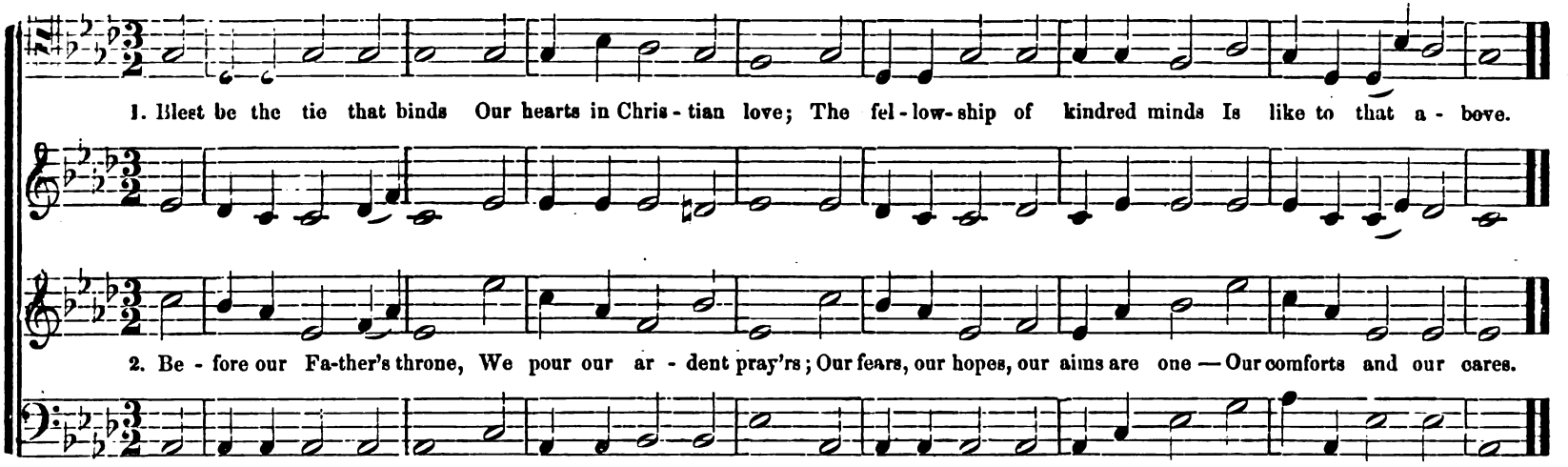
GILBERT.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear; My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev-er-fra-grant meads, Where rich a-bundance grows, His gra-cious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re-pose.

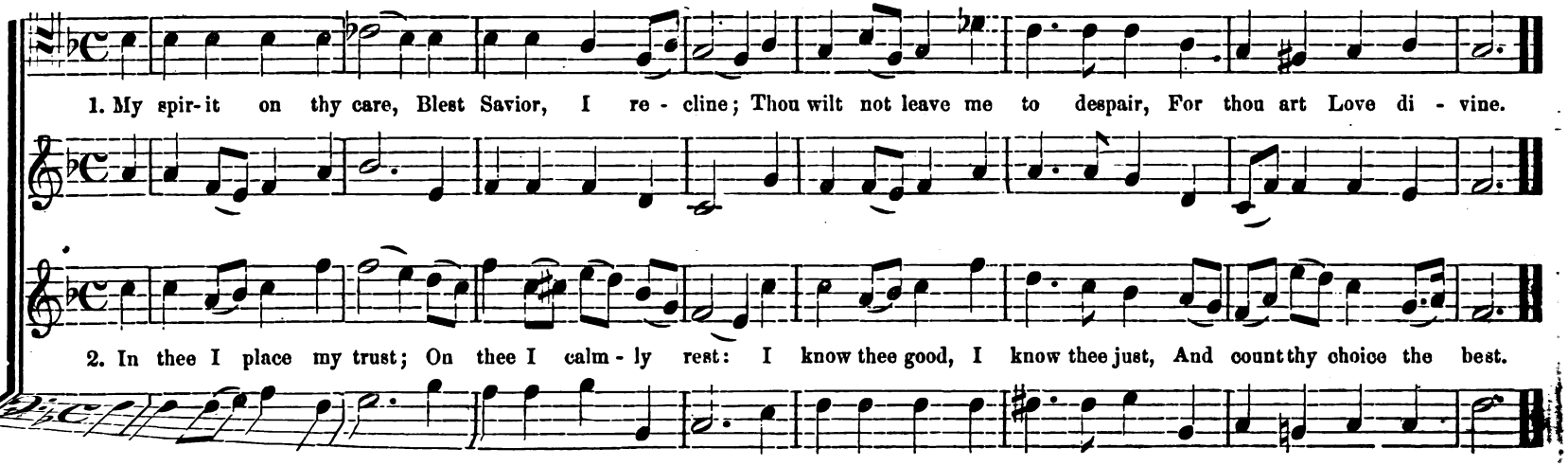
CROSBY. S. M.

T. P. RYDER.



LOVEJOY. S. M.

J. L. GILBERT.



HALL. S. M.

GEO. H. RYDER.

Andante.

1. O, where shall rest be found,—Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. Beyond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un- measured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

STEEN. S. M.

GREGORIAN.

Moderato.

1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see; And what I do in a - ny - thing, To do it as for thee.

2. To scorn the sens - es' sway, While still to thee I tend; In all I do, be thou the way, In all, be thou the end.

BUSWELL. S. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

1. Come at the morning hour, Come let us kneel and pray; Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff, To walk with God all day.

2. At eve - ning in thy home, A - round its al - tar, pray; And find- ing there the house of God, With heav'n then close the day.

WALTER. S. M.

GILBERT.

1. My Maker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign boun - ty is the spring, Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My God! thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.

REPOSE. S. M.

Arr. by E. L. BUFFINTON.

Andante

Lord, keep me safe this night, safe this night, Secure from all my fears, May an - gels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light appears.

Lord, keep me safe this night, Secure from all my fears, all my fears, May angels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light appears.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap - pear; O may we all re - mem-ber well, The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what is here possessed.

TREMONT. S. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Slow and steady.

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied. Since he is mine, and I am his, what can I want be-side?

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

SOMERSET. S. M.

C. R. FORD.

Choral.

1. Thy name, al - mighty Lord, Shall sound thro' dis - tant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

2. Far be thine hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure, Till morning light and ev'n-ing shade Shall be exchanged no more.

GREGERO. S. M.

FRED'K G. SPENCER.

Andante e Legato.

1. How gen - tle God's commands, How kind his pre- cepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell; The hand that bears cre - a - tion up Will guard his chil - dren well.

3. His goodness stands approved, Unchang'd from day to day; I'll drop my burdens at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

GODDARD. S. M.

E. L. BUFFINTON.

The gen-tle Savior calls Our children to his breast; He folds them in his gracious arms, Him-self declares them blest.

The gen-tle Savior calls Our children to his breast; He folds them in his gracious arms, Him-self declares them blest.

CASS. S. M. DOUBLE.

J. A NORRIS.

Moderato.

How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deemer, God, Un - veils the beauty of his face, And sheds his love a - broad. Here

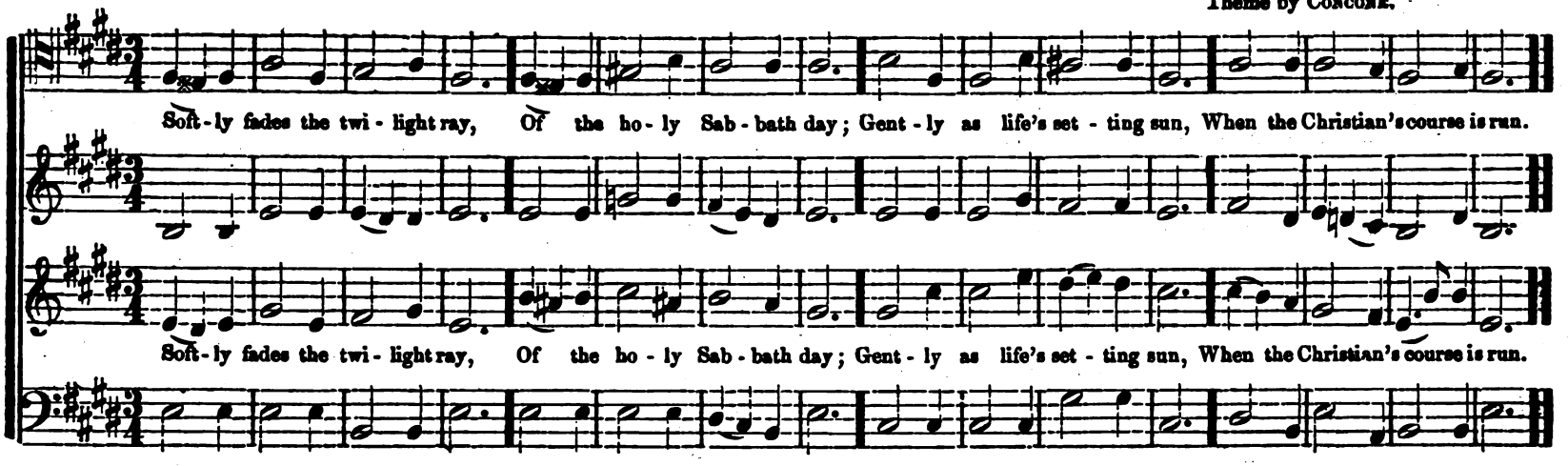
How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deemer, God, Un - veils the beauty of his face, And sheds his love a - broad. Here

on the mer - cy seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned, Our thank - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

on the mer - cy seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned, Our thank - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

Sabbath Evening. 7s.

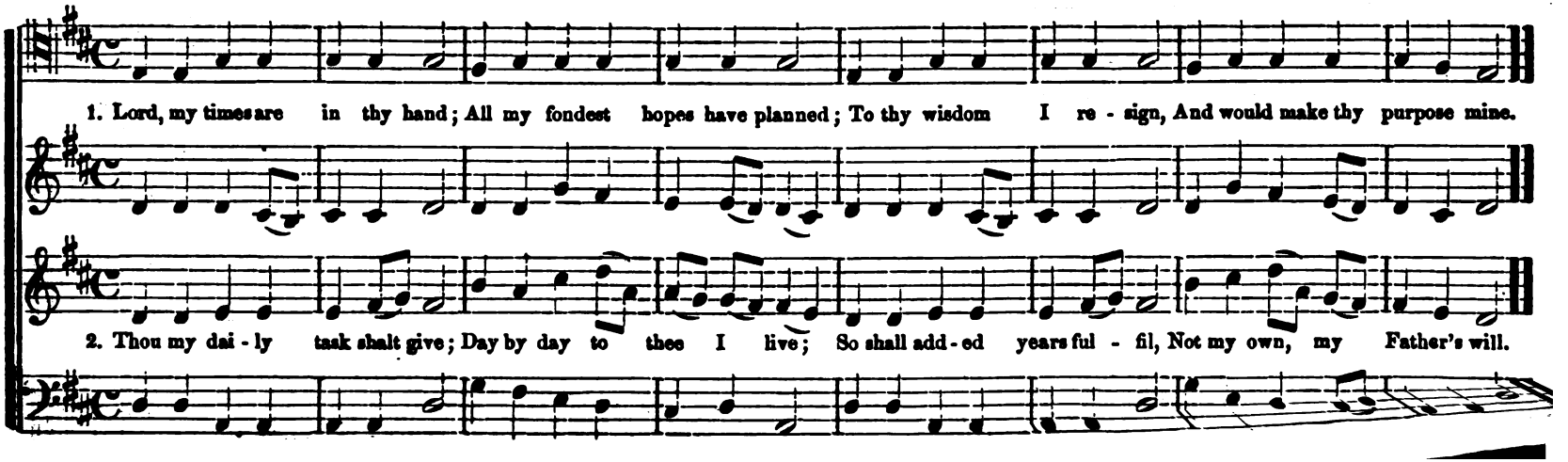
E. L. BUFFINTON.
Theme by Concone.



Conant. 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.



Dow. 7s.

J. L. GILBERT.

Andante.

1. Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace, Glo - ri- fy thy - self in me; Meekly beaming in thy face, May the world thine im - age see.

2. Hap- py on - ly in thy love, Poor, unfriend- ed or un - known, Fix my tho'ts on things a - bove, Stay my heart on thee a - lone.

Invocation. 7s.

MOZART.

Andante.

1. Lord, be - fore thy pres - ence come, Bow we down with ho - ly fear, Call our err - ing foot - steps home, Let us feel that thou art near.

2. Wand'ring tho'ts and lan - guid pow'rs Come not where de - vo - tion kneels, Let the soul ex - pand her stores, Glow - ing with the joy she feels.

From "Harp of Praise."

FLORENCE. 7S.

T. P. RYDER.

Legato.

rit. e dim.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way, Free from care, from la- bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way, Then from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

NIGHTFALL. 7S.

J. P. WESTON.

Gently.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

CHILDS. 7s.

GRANVILLE CHARD.

With expression.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high, While the tempest still is high,

2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last, Oh, receive my soul at last!

OHIO. 7s.

J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato.

1. Ho - ly Spirit! Love Di - vine! Let thy light with- in me shine; Breathe thyself in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor- tal rest.

2. Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar- row way; Keep me thine, for - ev - er thine; Let thy love and joy be mine.

STUDLEY. 7s.

GILBERT.

Andante.

1. Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O, do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - preme-ly kind; Heal the sick; the cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in thee.

CHICKERING. 8s & 7s.

CAMIDGE.

Hail thou long ex - pect-ed Je- sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free; From our sins and fears release us, Let us find our rest in thee.

Hail thou long ex - pect-ed Je- sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free; From our sins and fears release us, Let us find our rest in thee.

THULE. 7s DOUBLE.

Arr. from GOUNOD, by
HOWARD M. DOW.

p

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev'ry place; If we live a life of prayer, God is present ev'ry-where; In our sickness, in our

p SOPRANO SOLO.

2. When our earthly comforts fail, When the woes of life pre - vail, 'Tis the time for earnest prayer; God is present ev'ry-where; Then, my soul, in ev'ry

f *mf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

health, In our want, or in our wealth, In our want, or in our wealth, If we look to God in prayer, God is present ev' - ry- where.

f *mf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

strait, To thy Father, come and wait, To thy Father, come and wait; He will answer ev' - ry prayer, God is present ev' - ry- where.

CROSS. 7S. 6 LINES.

GEO. H. RYDER.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa - viour deigns to die, What me - lo - dious sounds we hear,
2. Spread for thee, the fes - tal board, See with rich - est boun - ties stored; To thy Fa - ther's bo - som pressed,

Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear! "Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!"
Yet a - gain a child con - fessed, Nev - er from his house to roam; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!

Choral.

LOCKPORT. 7S. 6 LINES.

C. R. FORD.

Rock of A - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide my - self in thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood,

From thy riv - en side that flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure— Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Bennett. 8s & 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spir - its seal, Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2. Tho' des-truc - tion walk around us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly, An-gel-guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

3. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Clad in bright e - ter - nal bloom,

Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

Legato.

1. Saviour, who thy flock art feed -ing, With the Shepherd's kindest care, All the fee - ble gent -ly lead-ing, While the lambs thy bo- som share.

2. Then with - in thy fold e - ter -nal, Let them find a rest -ing place, Feed in pastures ev - er ver-nal, Drink the riv -ers of thy grace.

CULVER. 8s & 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

With expression.

1. Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me, Thro' my pilgrimage be - low, And be - side the wa - ters lead me, Where thy flock re - joic - ing go.

rit. *cres - - cen - - do.* *mf* *cres.* *dim.*

2. Lord, thy guardian presence ev - er, Meekly, kneeling, we im- plore; We have found thee, and would nev-er, Nev-er wan - der from thee more.

CLARK. 8s & 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Saviour, source of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mercy, nev- er ceasing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.

2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above; Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing re - deeming love.

Praise. 8s & 7s.

J. P. WESTON.

Spirited.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue: Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature, Join the u - ni - versal song.

2. Father, source of all com-passion, Pure, unbounded grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal - vation! Praise him for his love di-vine.

Sylvester. 8s & 7s.

DYKES.

Slowly.

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing, Blend the liv - ing with the dead; Soon will you and I be ly - ing, Each with-in our narrow bed.

2. Soon our souls to God who gave them Will have sped their rap-id flight; A - ble now by grace to save them, O, that while we can, we might!

Andante.

Sinner, wake thee from thy sleep, Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep, Raise thy spir - it, dark and dead; Je - sus waits his light to shed;

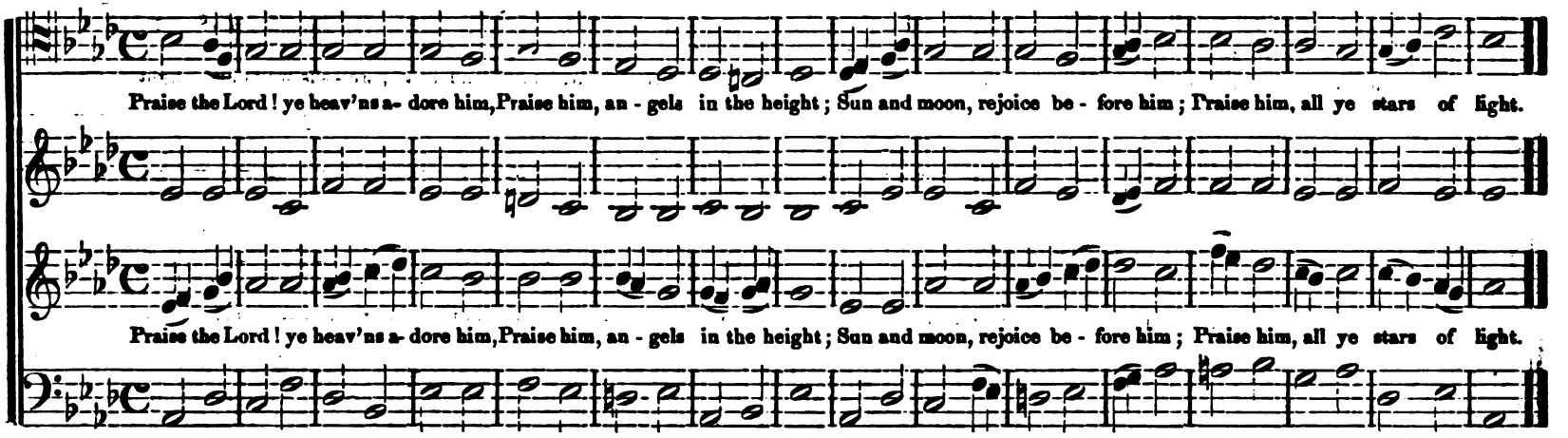
Sinner, wake thee from thy sleep, Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep, Raise thy spir - it, dark and dead; Je - sus waits his light to shed;

Wake from sleep, a- rise from death, See the bright and liv - ing path; Watchful tread that path; be wise; Leave thy fol - ly, seek the skies.

Wake from sleep, a- rise from death, See the bright and liv - ing path; Watchful tread that path; be wise; Leave thy fol - ly, seek the skies.

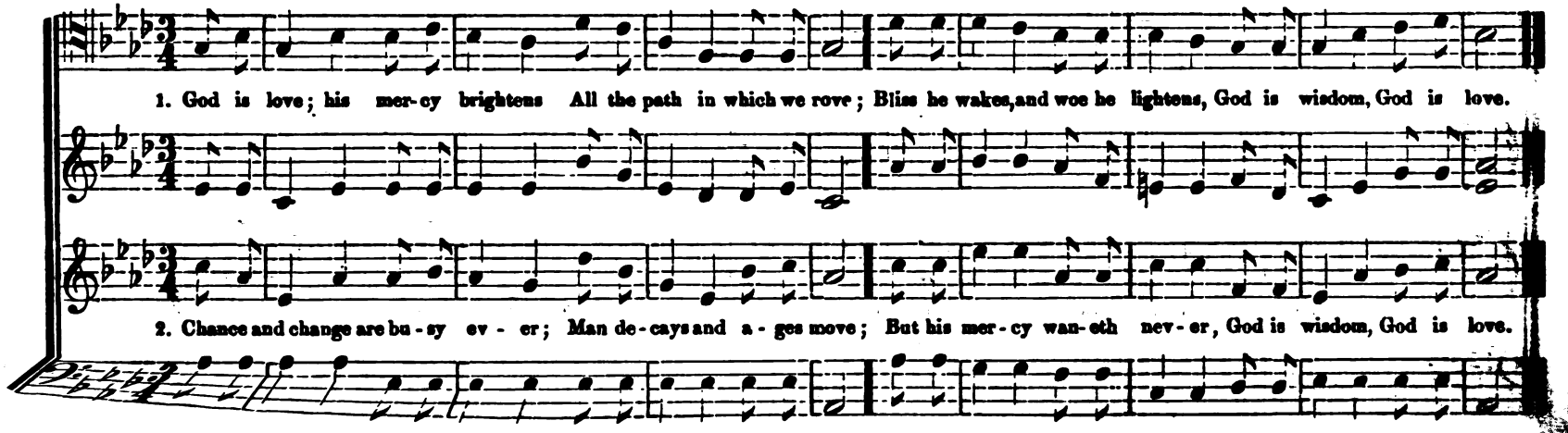
HARRISON. 8s & 7s.

C. R. FORD.



NATOLIA. 8s & 7s.

E. H. BAILEY.



MIZPEH. 8s & 7s.

A. D. ALBEE.

Legato.

In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.

In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.

MELITA. 8s & 7s.

J. C. WARREN.

Andante.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be- fore the cross I spend; Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy - ing Friend.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy - ing Friend.

WIGGIN. 8s & 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato. *mp* *dim.* *cres.*

1. Is- rael's Shepherd, guide me, feed me, Thro' my pil- grim - age be - low, And be - side the wa - ters lead me, Where thy sheep re - joic - ing go.

mp *mp* *dim.* *cres.* *p*

2. Lord, thy guardian presence ev - er, Meekly kneeling, we implore; We have found thee, and would never, Nev - er wan - der from thee more.

BURPEE. 8s & 7s.

Arr. from SYDNEY SMITH.

Moderato. *rit.*

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gathers round its head sublime.

rit.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes de- ceive and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

The Christian's Journey. 8s & 7s. Double.

T. P. Ryder.

Moderato.

1. Near-er home, yes, one day nearer To our Father's house on high; To the green fields and the fountains Of the land be - yond the

2. One day near - er, sings the seaman, As he glides the wa - ters o'er, While the light is soft - ly dy - ing On his dis - tant na - tive

sky. For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome; And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

shore. Thus the Christian, on life's journey, As his life-boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home."

Organ. *Voice.*

UNITY. 8s & 7s, Double.

HOWARD M. DOW.

Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and care; Joy to find, in ev' - ry sta - tion, Something still to do or

Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and care; Joy to find, in ev' - ry sta - tion, Something still to do or

bear: Think what spir-it dwells with-in thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think what Je - sus did to win thee, Child of heav'n, can'st thou repine?

bear: Think what spir-it dwells with-in thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think what Je - sus did to win thee, Child of heav'n, can'st thou repine?

HADLEY. 8s & 7s. DOUBLE.

Arr. from MOZART.

Andante.

1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me low-ly, Humble all my swelling pride; Fall-en, guilt-y, and un-ho-ly, Greatness from my eyes I'll

2. Wean'd from earth's vexatious pleasures, In thy love I'll seek for mine; Placed in heav'n my no-bler treasures, Earth I qui-et-ly re-

Organ.

hide; I'll for-bid my vain as-pir-ing, Nor at earth-ly hon-ors aim; No am-bitious heights de-sir-ing, Far a-bove my humble claim.

-sign. Is-rael, thus the world de-spis-ing, On the Lord a-lone re-ly; Then from him thy joys a-ris-ing, Like himself shall nev-er die.

DURGIN. 8s, 7s, & 4s. OR, 8s & 7s, 6 LINES.

J. H. WILCOX.

Moderato.

(For four lines, repeat last two lines of hymn)

Thou, O Lord! wilt nev - er leave me, Thou wilt never me for - sake; Thou wilt keep, and thou wilt save me, While thy word my guide I make:

Thou, O Lord! wilt nev - er leave me, Thou wilt never me for - sake; Thou wilt keep, and thou wilt save me, While thy word my guide I make:

Save from e - vil, Save from e - vil, For thy name and mercy's sake.

Save from e - vil, Save from e - vil, For thy name and mercy's sake.

MERCY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

1. Hear, O sin - ner! mercy hails you; Now with sweetest voice she

2. Haste, O sin - ner! to the Saviour, Seek his mer - cy while you

calls; Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of just - ice falls; Hear, O sin - ner! Hear, O sinner! 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.

may; Soon the day of grace is o - ver, Soon your life will pass a - way; Haste, O sin - ner! Haste, O sinner! You must per - ish if you stay.

SHAW. L. P. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love! Oh, hear an humble sup - pliant's cry! Bend from thy lof - ty seat a - bove,.....
2. I urge no mer - its of my own, No worth to claim thy gra - cious smile; No, when I bow be - fore thy throne,....

Thy throne of glo - rious ma - jes - ty; Oh, deign to hear my mourn - ful voice, And bid my drooping heart re - joice.
Dare to converse with God a - while, Thy name, blest Jes - us, is my plea, Dear - est and sweet - est name to me.

ROBERTSON. C. P. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith! Wilt thou not save a soul from death That casts it - self on thee? I
2. Slain in the guilt - y sin - ner's stead, His spot - less right - eous - ness I plead, And his a - vail - ing blood. Thy

have no ref - uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fered once for me.
mer - it, Lord, my robe shall be, Thy mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.

From "Harp of Praise."

THURLOW. H. M.

T. P. RYDER.

Allegro Moderato.

1. O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high: Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh; Cheerful in God, A- rise and shine, While rays divine Stream far abroad.

2. He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot fade: His all resplendent grace He pours around thy head: The nations round thy form shall view, With lustre new Divinely crowned.

3. In honor to his name, Reflect that sacred light, And loud that grace proclaim Which makes thy darkness bright; Pursue his praise till sovereign love In worlds above The glory raise.

BRADFORD. H. M.

T. P. RYDER.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's name; His praise your songs employ; Above the starry frame, Your voices raise, ye cherubim, And ser- aph- im to sing his praise.

2. Let all adore the Lord, And praise his holy name, By whose Almighty word they all from nothing came; And all shall be from changes free, His firm decree stands ev - er fast.

The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west; So, ev' - ry care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to

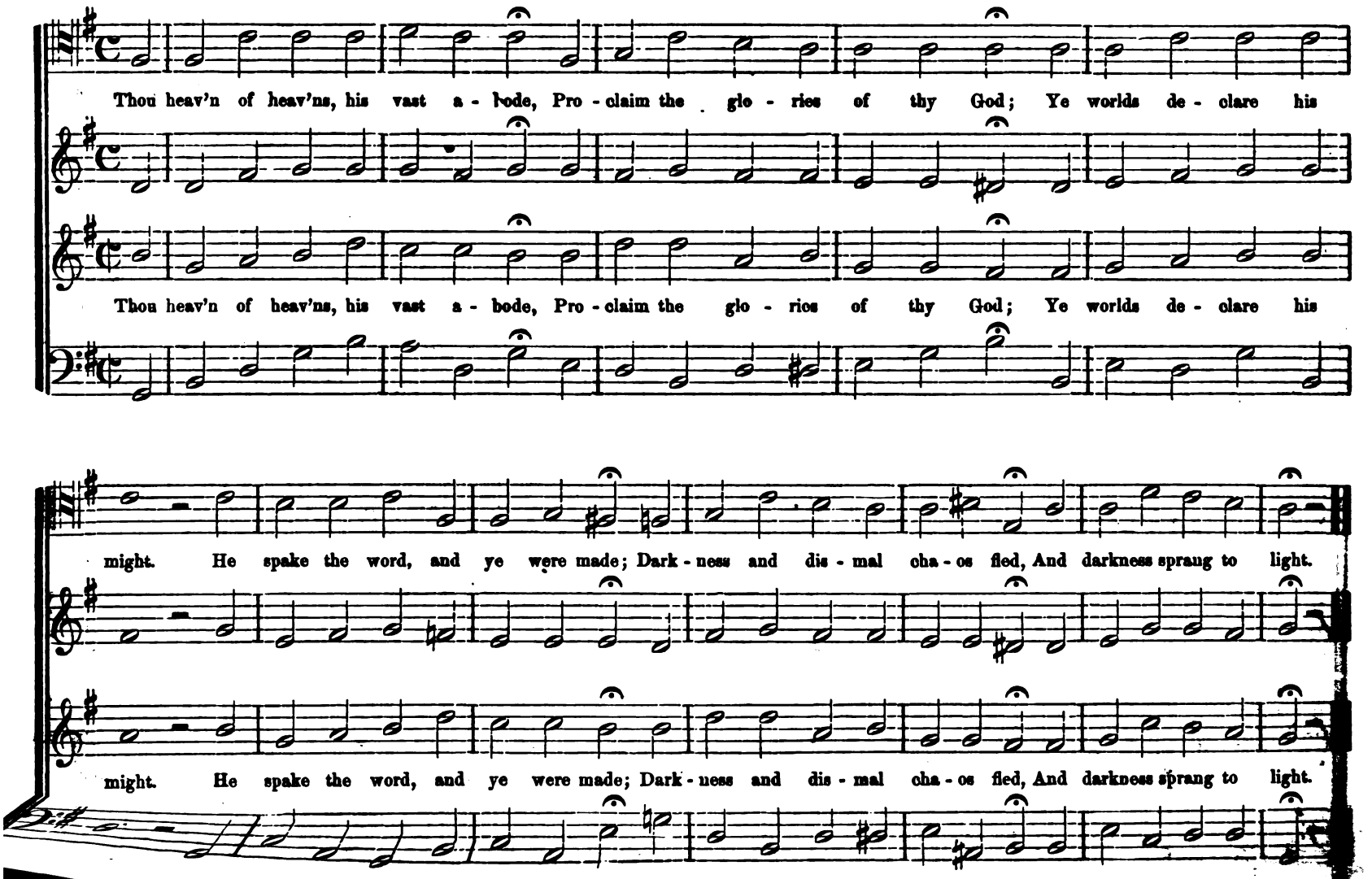
The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west; So, ev' - ry care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to

rest; The woodland hum is ring - ing The daylight's gentle close; May an - gels, 'round me singing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.

rest; The woodland hum is ring - ing The daylight's gentle close; May an - gels, 'round me singing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.

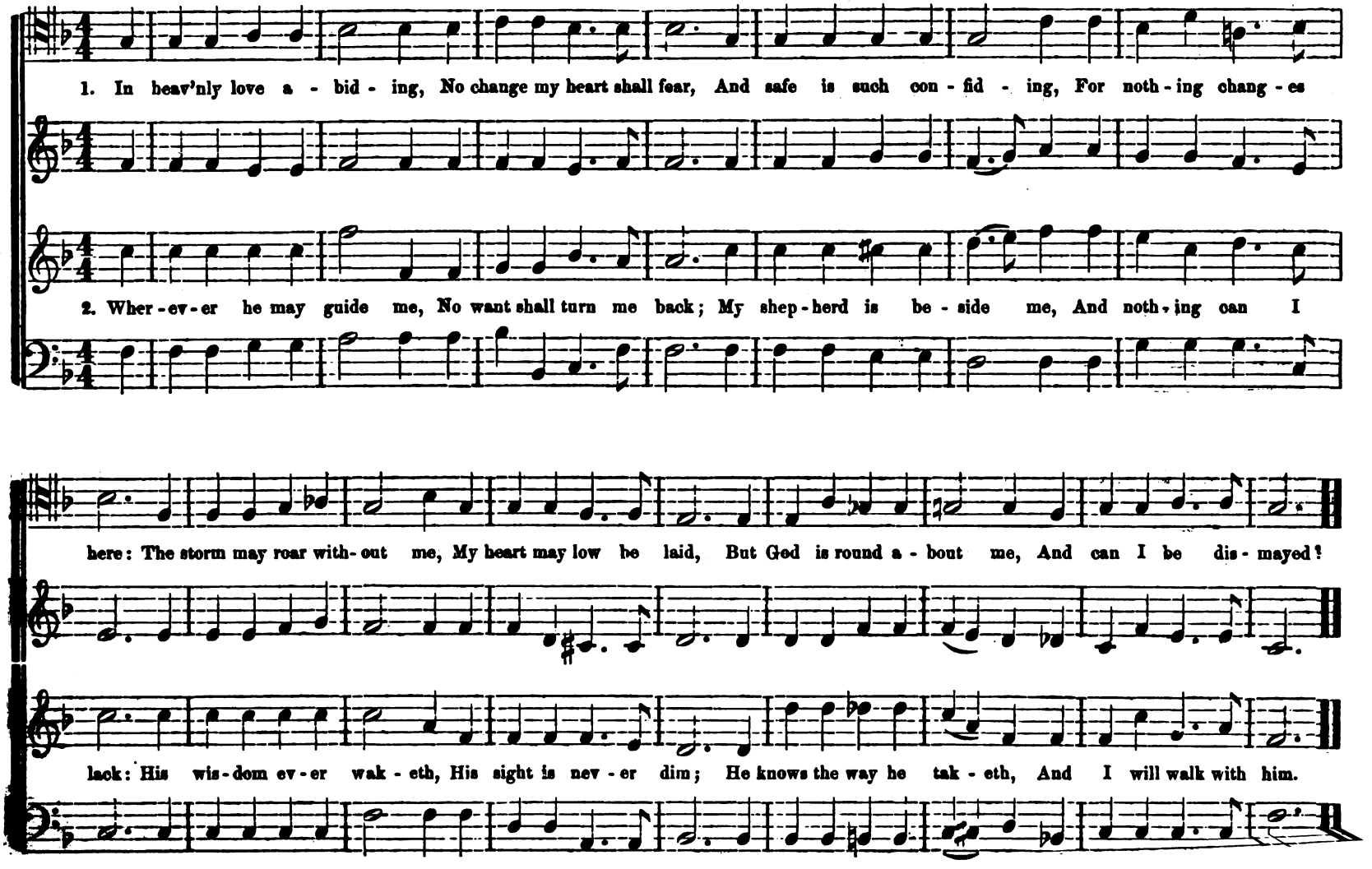
CUTLER. C. P. M.

GERMAN CHORAL.



FAITH. 7s & 6s.

J. L. GILBERT.



HARTFORD. 7s & 6s.

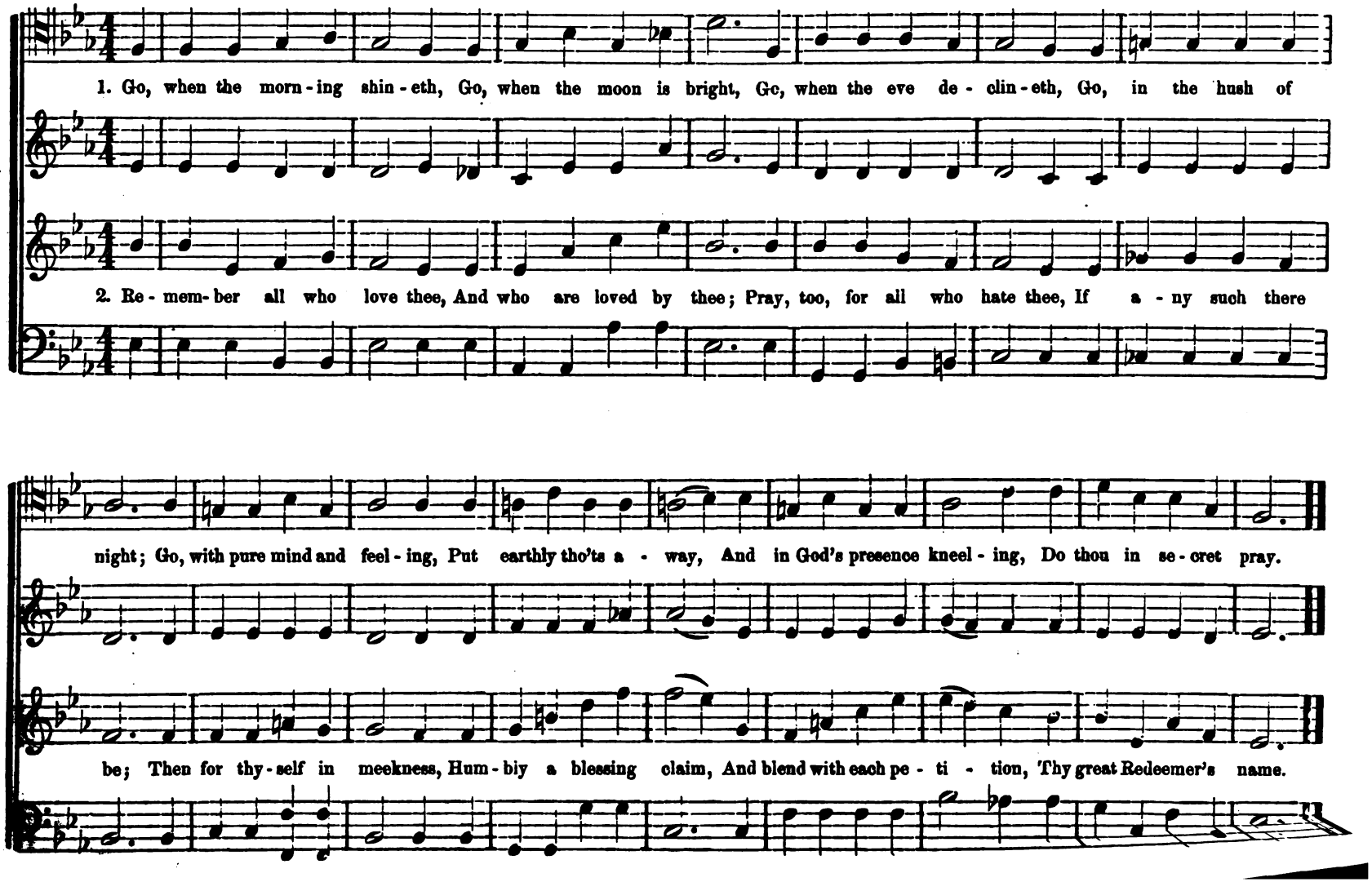
PELLETIER.

1. To thee, my God, my Sa - vionr, My soul, ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Al - m'gh - ty King of

2. Soon as the morn with ro - ses Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re - pos - es Up - on the o - cean's

kings! I'll cel - e - brate thy glo - ry, With all the saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of thy re-deem-ing love.

breast, My voice is sup - pli - ca - tion, My Savior, thou shalt hear: Oh, grant me thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near!


1. Go, when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go, when the moon is bright, Go, when the eve de - clin - eth, Go, in the hush of
2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, And who are loved by thee; Pray, too, for all who hate thee, If a - ny such there
night; Go, with pure mind and feel - ing, Put earthly tho'ts a - way, And in God's presence kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
be; Then for thy - self in meekness, Hum - bly a blessing claim, And blend with each pe - ti - tion, Thy great Redeemer's name.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

GEO. H. RYDER

Andante.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be

2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be

Near- er my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

Near- er my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

SHURTLEFF. 6s & 4s.

Arr. from CRAMER.

Andante.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine!

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire! As thou hast died for me, O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!

RESIGNATION. 6s, 8 LINES.

Andante.

1. Dear Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love, I would my all re - sign:

2. Dear Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang - ing fu - ture scene, I glad - ly trust to thee:

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.

Then to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done.

GUIDE. 8, 6, & 4s.

T. P. RYDER.

Tenderly.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well, A guide, a comfort - er, be - queathed With us to dwell.

2. And his that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

GRIFFIN. 6s.

T. P. RYDER.

Slowly.

1. Come, wand-'ring sheep, O come! I'll bind thee to my breast; I'll bear thee to my home, And lay thee down to rest.

2. I saw thee stray for-lorn, And heard thee faint-ly cry, And on the tree of scorn, For thee I deigned to die.

BERKELEY. 6s & 5s.

RINCK.

Moderato.

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er Ev'-ry du-ty find.

HERBERT. 10S.

T. P. RYDER.

With spirit.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn; See future sons and daughters yet un- born; In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

REST. 8S. & 6S.

J. L. GILBERT.

Andante.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

Bushey. 10s & 11s.

T. P. RYDER.

Maestoso.

1. Oh, wor - ship the King. all - glo - rious a - bove, Oh, grate - ful - ly sing his pow'r and his

2. Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py

love. Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.

space! His chari - ots of wrath the deep thun - der clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Miller. 10s.

T. P. RYDER.

Slowly.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

2. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O, Lord, abide with me.

OSGOOD. IIS & 8S.

T. P. RYDER.

With expression.

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes de - light, On whom, in af - flic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

2. Where dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep, To feed in the pas - tures of love? For why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - derness rove?

SCOTT. IIS & IOS.

T P. RYDER.

With expression.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwell - ing, Glad are the homes that sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in heav'nly un - ion swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.

Rit. et Dim.

PRAISE. IOS & IIS.

Arr. from ROSSINI.

Allegro moderato.

O worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And grateful - ly sing his wonder - ful love, Our Shield and Defend- er, the Ancient of

O worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And grateful - ly sing his wonder - ful love, Our Shield and Defend- er, the Ancient of

Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

BARNABEE. IIS & IOS.

HOWARD M. DOW.

1. Father, in thy mys - terious presence kneeling, Fain would our

2. Lord, we have wander'd forth thro' doubt and sorrow, And thou hast

souls feel all thy kindling love; For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal-ing Of trust and strength and calmness from a - bove.

made each step an onward one; And we will ev - er trust each unknown mor - row,—Thou wilt sus- tain us till its work is done.

O, How Amiable.

T. P. RYDER.

Moderato.

O, how amiable, O, how amiable are thy tab-er-nacles, O Lord, O Lord of hosts, My soul long-eth, yea, e-ven fainteth for the

O, how amiable, O, how amiable are thy tab-er-nacles, O Lord, O Lord of hosts, My soul long-eth, yea, e-ven fainteth for the

courts of the Lord, O, how amiable, O, how amiable, O, how amiable are thy taber-nacles, O Lord, O, how amia-ble,

courts of the Lord, O, how amiable, O, how amiable, O, how amiable are thy taber-nacles, O Lord, O, how amia-ble,

O, How Amiable. Continued.

Allegro moderato.

O, how amia-ble, O how amiable are thy tabernacles, O, Lord, O, Lord, O, Lord of hosts. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house,

O, how amia-ble, O how amiable are thy tabernacles, O, Lord, O, Lord, O, Lord of hosts. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house,

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, For they shall praise thee evermore, For they shall praise thee

For they shall praise thee ev - - er - more, For they shall praise thee ev - - er-

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, For they shall praise thee ev - - er - more, For they shall praise thee ev - - er-

For they shall praise thee evermore, For they shall praise thee

O How Amiable. Concluded.

ritard. *Moderato.* *mp*

evermore, Shall praise thee ev - er, ev - ermore, Shall praise thee ev - er, ev - er more, Shall praise thee for-ev-ermore, O, how amiable,

mp

- more, Shall praise thee ev - er, ev - er-more, Shall praise thee ev- er, ev - ermore, Shall praise thee for-ev-ermore. O how amiable,

mp

O, how amiable,

p *Andante.* *pp* *rit.*

O, how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord, O Lord of hosts. O how amiable are thy courts, O Lord, O Lord of hosts.

p *pp* *rit.*

O, how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord, O Lord of hosts. O, how amiable are thy courts, O Lord, O Lord of hosts.

p *pp* *rit.*

O, how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

O LAMB OF GOD! STILL KEEP ME.

No 29. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.

Andante.

f *p* *rall.*

ALTO SOLO. *Con espressione.*

p *rall.*

O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to thy wounded side; 'Tis on - ly then in safe - ty And peace, I can a - bide.

p *colla parte.*

piu accel e cres. *f a tempo guisto.* *p*

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!..... The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean,

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!..... The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean,

piu accel e cres. *f* *a tempo guisto.* *p*

'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing, I feel my life se - cure, On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure.

'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing, I feel my life se - cure, On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure.

f deciso,

Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth, O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe. My heart sus-tain - eth, In all its cares and woe.

f deciso.

Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth. O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe, Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth, In all its cares and woe.

Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth. O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe; My heart sus-tain - eth, In all its cares and woe.

O LAMB OF GOD! STILL KEEP ME. Concluded.

SOP. SOLO. *Con anima.*

Soon shall my eyes be - hold thee With rapt - ure, face to face;..... One half hath not been told me, Of all thy pow'r and grace.

colla parte

m *ff*

Thy beau - ty, Lord and glo - ry, The won - ders of thy love, Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all thy saints a - bove.

Thy beau - ty, Lord and glo - ry, The won - ders of thy love,.... Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all thy saints a - bove.

m *ff*

Come unto me. Sentence.

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

Come unto me, all ye that la - bor and are heavy la-den, and I will give you rest, Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me.

p

Come unto me, all ye that la - bor and are heavy la-den, and I will give you rest, Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me.

For my yoke is ea - sy, For my yoke is ea - sy, For my yoke is ea-sy and my burden is light. Take my yoke up-on you and learn of

mf *cres.* *dim.*

For my yoke is ea - sy, For my yoke is ea - sy, For my yoke is ea-sy and my burden is light. Take my yoke up-on you and learn of

p *dim.* *pp*

me, For I am meek and low-ly of heart. And ye shall find rest Ye shall find rest, rest un - to your souls.

cres. *dim.* *p*

me, For I am meek and low-ly of heart. And ye shall find rest, Ye shall find rest, rest, rest un - to your souls.

p *dim.* *pp*

Ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

p *mf* *cres - cen - do.*

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are

p *mf* *cres - cen - do.*

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are

Allegro moderato.

full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy

full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy

f

glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, are full of thy glory, are full, are full of thy glory.

glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory, are full of thy glory, are full, are full of thy glory.

Andante Maestoso. *Slower.* *ritard.*

Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord most high, O Lord most high, A - men, A - men. O Lord most high, A - men, A - men.

Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord most high, O Lord most high, A - men, A - men. O Lord most high, A - men, A - men.

God be Merciful. (Deus Misereatur.)

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful un-to us and bless us; and show us the light, the light of his countenance, And be

God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful un-to us and bless us; and show us the light, the light of his countenance, And be

mf *Allegro moderato.* *dim.*

mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful un-to us. That thy way may be known, may be known up-on earth, thy sav-ing health a-

mf

mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful un-to us. That thy way may be known, may be known up-on earth, thy sav-ing health a-

p *ff* *Moderato. dim.* *ritard.*

-mong all nations. Let the peo-ple praise thee, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, yea, let all, yea, let all the peo-ple praise thee.

p *ff*

-mong all nations. Let the peo-ple praise thee, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, yea, let all, yea, let all the peo-ple praise thee.

Moderato.

TENOR SOLO.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad, for thou shalt judge, shalt judge the folk righteous-ly, and gov-ern the nations up-on..... earth.

mp

Allegro. *Moderato.*

Let the peo-ple praise thee, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Yea, let all the peo-ple praise thee.

CHORUS.

f *dim.* *p*

Let the peo-ple praise thee, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Yea, let all the peo-ple praise thee.

SOP. SOLO.

Then shall the earth bring forth her in-crease, and God, ev'n our own God shall give us his bless-ing, and

p

God be Merciful. Continued.

Andante.

CHORUS.

God, ev'n our own God shall give us his bless - ing. God shall bless us, God shall bless us,

rit. *mp* God shall bless us, God shall bless us,

dim, *dim. e rit.*

and all the ends, the ends of the world shall fear..... him, shall fear..... him.

and all the ends, the ends of the world shall fear..... him, shall fear... .... him.

f CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, glo - ry, glo - ry be to the Son,

Allegro Vivace.

f *ff*

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, glo - ry, glo - ry be to the Son,

Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly Ghost.

SUP. SOLO.

Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it was in the be - gin - - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be,

Small notes for Organ.

World with - out end, World with - out end, World without end, A - men, A - -

CHORUS.

World with - out end, without end, World with - out end, without end, World without end, ... A - men, A - -

1st Time. 2d Time. *Moderato.* *Andante maestoso.*

- men, - men. World with - out end, World with - out end, A - men.

Ritard.

-men. - men. *f* World with - out end, *mf* World with - out end, A - men, A - men.

Shepherd of thine Israel.

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

Shep- herd of thine Is - rael! lead us, Pil - grims o'er this bar - ren sand; Thou who hast from bond - age freed us,

Shep- herd of thine Is - rael! lead us, Pil - grims o'er this bar - ren sand; Thou who hast from bond - age freed us,

Guide us by thine out - stretched hand; Guide thy cho - sen, Guide thy cho - sen Safe - ly to the prom - ised land.

Guide us by thine out - stretched hand; Guide thy cho - sen, Guide thy cho - sen Safe - ly to the prom - ised land.

Feed us with the heav'nly man - na, Faint- ing, may we feel thy might; Go be - fore us as our ban - ner,

Feed us with the heav'n- ly man - na, Faint- ing, may we feel thy might; Go be - fore us as our ban - ner,

Organ.

CHORUS.

Cloud by day and fire by night. Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Shine a - round us, Thou art light.

Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Shine a - round us, Thou art light.

Shepherd of thine Israel. Concluded.

Bass Solo. *Slowly.*

When we come to death's dark riv - er, Bid the swell - ing stream di - vide, Thou who canst our life de - liv - er;

Bear us thro' the sun - der'd tide, Thou who canst our life de - liv - er, Bear us thro' the

CHORUS. *Tempo* 1.

Thou who canst our life de - liv - er, Bear us thró' the

sun - der'd tide, Prais - es, Prais - es, Prais - es, Prais - es We will sing on Ca - naan's side.

rit. e cres.

sun - der'd tide, Prais - es, Prais - es, Prais - es. Prais - es We will sing on Ca - naan's side.

Soprano Solo.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly;

Andante.

p

dim. e rit.

cres. *dim.*

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

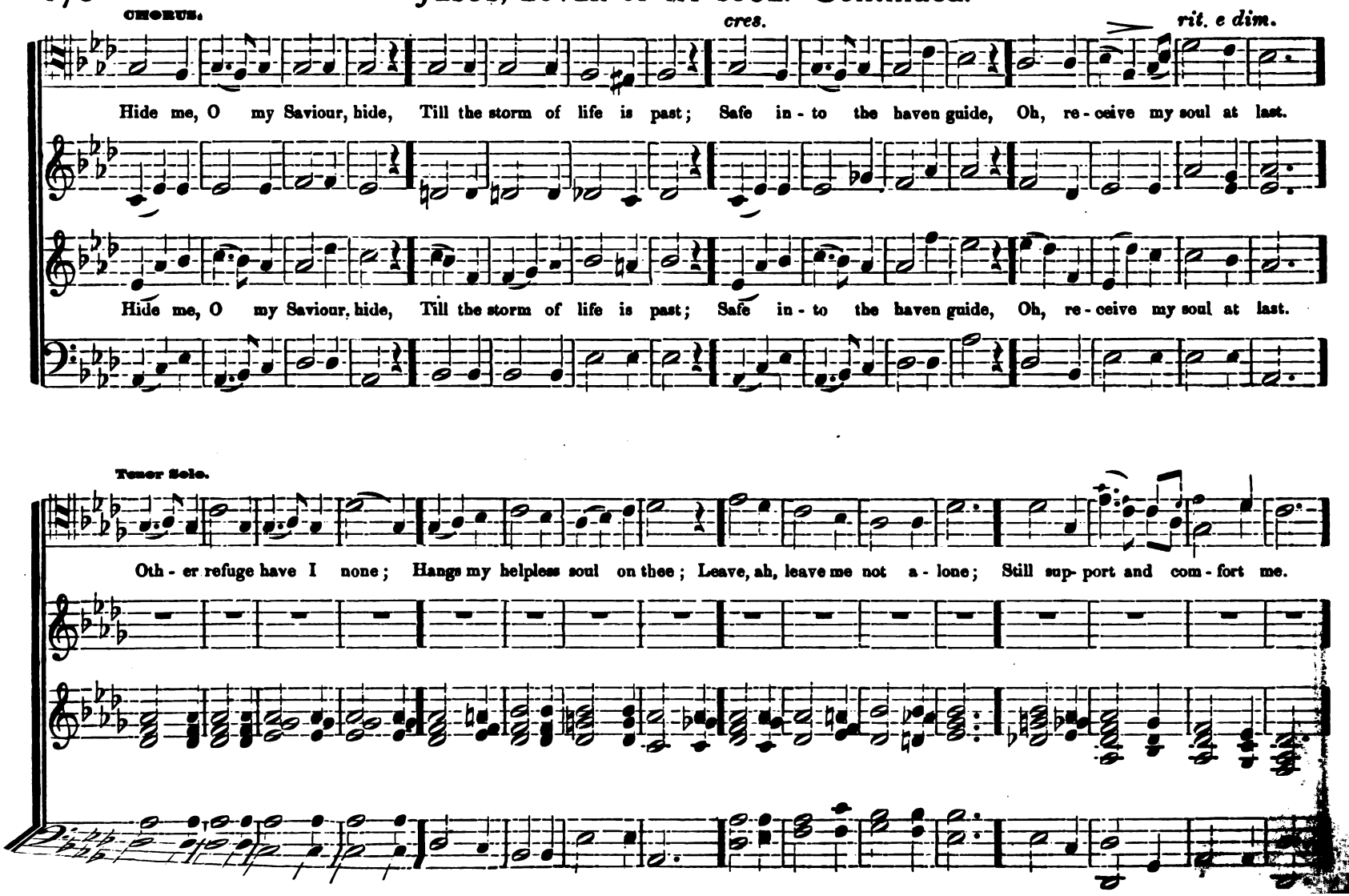
Soprano and Alto Duet.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide;

dim.

Till the storm of life is past; Safe . in - to the ha - - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last

Jesus, lover of my soul. Continued.



CHORUS. *cres.* *dim.*

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring.

cres. *dim.*

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring.

cres. *mf* *mp* *rit. e dim.*

Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing, With the sha - dow of thy wing.

cres. *mf* *mp* *rit. e dim.*

Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing, With the sha - dow of thy wing.

Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

Arr. by T. P. R.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Andante.

mp *dim.* *p*

Sa - viour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save,.... and thou canst heal.

SOPR. and ALTO DUET.

Though the night be dark and drea - ry, Dark - - ness can - not hide from thee:

SOPRANO SOLO.

Thou.... art He, who, nev - - er wea - ry, Watch - eth where thy peo - - ple be.

Rit. et Dim.

p

Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in

p

Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in

Heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and end - less bloom, Clad in light and end - less bloom.

mp *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *ritard.*

Heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and end - less bloom, Clad in light and end - less bloom.

Come, Gracious Spirit.

Arr. from LYSBERG.

Andantino.

Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - - bove;

Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - - bove;

p

p Be thou our guar - dian, thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.

p Be thou our guar - dian, thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.

mf SOPR SOLO.

The light of truth to us dis - - play, And make us know and choose thy way;

ORGAN. *mf*

Plant ho - ly fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

TUTTI.

p Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with him for - ev - - er blest;

p Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with him for - ev - - er blest;

p Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share, Full - ness of joy for - - ev - er there!

p Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share, Full - ness of joy for - - ev - er there!

The Lord is my Shepherd.

F. G. SPENCER.

Affettuoso Allegretto.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He mak - eth me to lie

Smoothly.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He mak - eth me to lie

down, lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me be - side, be - side the still waters; He re - storeth my soul, He leadeth me in the

down, lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me be - side, be - side the still waters; He re - storeth my soul, He leadeth me in the

Moderato.

paths of right - eous - ness, for his name's sake, Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley of the shad - ow of death, of death,

dim.

paths of right - eous - ness, for his name's sake, Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley of the shad - ow of death, of death,

Allegretto.

I will fear no e - vil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they com - fort me, they com - fort me.

rit.

I will fear no e - vil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they com - fort me. .....

The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Sentence.

T. P. RYDER.

Andante.

p

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let

p

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let

p

all the earth keep si- lence, keep si - lence be - fore him. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The

mf

all the earth keep si- lence, keep si - lence be - fore him. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The

Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him, Let

cres - cen - do. *dim.* *mp*

Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him, Let

all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him, keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore..... him.

dim - in - u - en - do, *pp*

all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him, keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore..... him.

The Lord is in His holy Temple.

B. F. GILBERT.

ALTO SOLO.

The Lord is in his ho - - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him.

Moderato.

Organ.

O, give thanks un - to the Lord, For his mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

TRIO. Alto Tenor & Bass.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him.

O, give thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord, For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er; O, give

O, give thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord, For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er; O, give

p *rall* - *en* - *tan* *do.* *Adagio.*

thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord, For his mer - cy en dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - - er.

p

thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord, For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - - er.

Heavenly Father, graciously hear us.

J. L. GILBERT.

Andante.

Heav'nly Fa - ther, gracious - ly hear us, O hear the pe - titions we of - fer be - fore thee; Let thy mer - cy rest up -

Heav'nly Fa - ther, gracious - ly hear us, O hear the pe - ti-tions we of - fer be - fore thee; Let thy mer - cy rest up -

p Adagio.

- on us, O hear our prayer, O hear our prayer, O hear our prayer, we be - seech thee. Hear our prayer.

p

- on us, O hear our prayer, O hear our prayer, O hear our prayer, we beseech thee. Hear our prayer.

O hear our prayer, O hear our prayer,

The Lord is my Strength.

T. P. RYDER.

With spirit.

From the "Zion," by permission of O. Ditson & Co.

The Lord is my strength, my strength and my song, and he is my hope, my hope and my sal - va - tion,

The Lord is my strength, my strength and my song, and he is my hope, my hope and my sal - va - tion, The

My strength and my song, and he is my hope, my hope and my sal - va - tion.

My strength and my song, my song, ...

Lord is my strength, my strength and my song, my song, ... and he is my hope, my hope and my sal - va - tion.

My strength and my song,

The

The voice .... of joy, of joy and health is in the dwellings of the right-eous;

The

ritard et dim.

voice of joy, of joy and health is in the dwell-ings, the dwellings of the right-eous.

ritard et dim.

voice of joy, of joy and health is in the dwell-ings, the dwellings of the right-eous.

Moderato. *piu anima.*

This is the day the Lord hath made, This is the day the Lord hath made, And we will re - joice and be glad in his name.

cres-cen - do.

This is the day the Lord hath made, This is the day the Lord hath made, And we will re - joice and be glad in his name.

f *f Slowly.* *cres. et rit.*

And we will re - joice and be glad in his name, We will re - joice and be glad in his name, We will re - joice and be glad in his name.

f *f Slowly.* *cres. et rit.*

And we will re - joice and be glad in his name, We will re - joice and be glad in his name, We will re - joice and be glad in his name.

"THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW."

No. 30. THOMAS MOORE. *Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.* S. W. WALEY.

Moderato.

SOPRANO. This world is all a fleet- ing show, For man's il - lu -sion giv - en, The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, de-ceit - ful flow—There's

ALTO. *p*

TENOR. This world is all a fleet- ing show, For man's il - lu-sion giv - en, The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, de-ceit - ful flow—There's

BASS.

ACCOMP. *Moderato.* *p*

cres - - cen - do. *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

nothing true but Hea - ven! There's nothing true but Hea - ven! There's nothing true but Hea - ven, but Hea - ven!

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

nothing true but Hea - ven! There's nothing true but Hea - ven! There's nothing true but Hea - ven, but Hea - ven!

no - thing true but

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *p*

p

And false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fad- ing hues of e - ven; And Love, and Hope, and Beau-ty's bloom Are blos - soms gather'd for the tomb—There's

p

And false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fad- ing hues of e - ven; And Love, and Hope, and Beau-ty's bloom Are blos - soms gather'd for the tomb—There's

p

cres *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

nothing bright but Hea - ven! There's nothing bright but Hea - ven! There's nothing bright but Hea - ven, but Hea - ven!

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

nothing bright but Hea - ven! There's nothing bright but Hea - ven! There's nothing bright but Hea - ven, but Hea - ven!

no - thing bright but

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

p

Poor wand-'ers of a storm-y day! From wave to wave we're driv-en, And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray, Serve but to light the troubled way—There's

p

Poor wand-'ers of a storm-y day! From wave to wave we're driv-en, And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray, Serve but to light the troubled way—There's

p

cres *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

nothing calm but Hea - ven! There's nothing calm but Hea - ven! There's nothing calm but Hea - ven, but Hea - ven!

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

nothing calm but Hea - ven! There's nothing calm but Hea - ven! There's nothing calm but Hea - ven, but Hea - ven!

no - thing calm but

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *colla voce* *p*

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

No. 31.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Andantino.

TENOR. But the Lord is mind - ful of His own,.... He re - mem - bers His chil - dren, But the

ALTO.

SOPRANO. *p* But the Lord is mind -ful of His own,.... He re - mem - bers His chil - dren, But the

BASS.

ACCOMPT. *p*

ritard.

Lord is mindful of His own; The Lord re - mem - bers His chil - dren, re - mem - - bers His chil - dren.

Lord is mind-ful of His own; The Lord re - mem - bers His chil - dren, re - mem - bers His chil - dren.

rit. *mf*

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN. Continued.

p cres. dim.

Bow down be - fore Him, ye migh - ty, for the Lord is near us!

p cres. dim.

Bow down be - fore Him, ye migh - ty, for the Lord is near us!

p cres. dim p

8va.

p cres. f dim. p

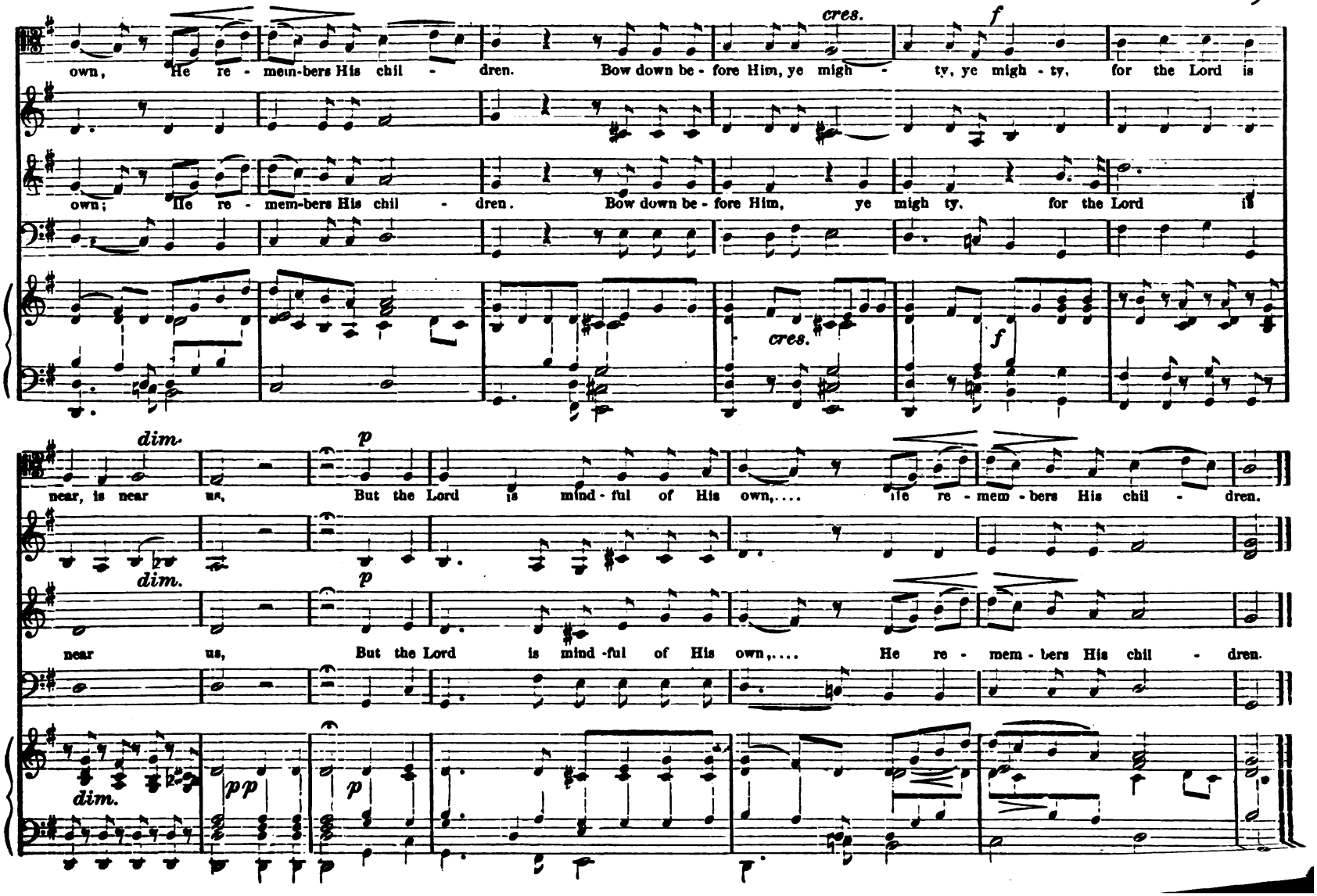
Bow down be - fore Him, ye migh - ty, for the Lord is near, is near us! yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His

p

Bow down be - fore Him, ye migh - ty, for the Lord is near us! yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His

cres. f dim. p

8va.


cres.
f
own, He re - mem-bers His chil - dren. Bow down be - fore Him, ye migh - ty, ye migh - ty, for the Lord is
own; He re - mem-bers His chil - dren. Bow down be - fore Him, ye migh ty, for the Lord is
cres.
f
dim.
p
near, is near us, But the Lord is mind - ful of His own,.... He re - mem - bers His chil - dren.
dim.
p
near us, But the Lord is mind - ful of His own,.... He re - mem - bers His chil - dren.
dim.
pp
p

No. 32.

LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.

Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

COSTA.

Andante

BASS.

Let the peo - ple praise Thee; O Lord; let all the peo - ple praise ..... Thee;

ORGAN.

Sotto voce

Then shall the earth yield her in - crease, and God, and God,

ev - en our own God shall bless us ev - en our own God shall bless, shall bless

Ral - - - len - - - tan - - do.

Ral - - - len - - - tan - - do.

God be mer - ci - ful un - to us, God be mer - ci - ful un - to us,

and bless

God be mer - ci - ful un - to us, God be mer - ci - ful un - to us, and

us. God be mer - ci - ful

p

Ped. *Ped.*

cres. *dim.*

bless us, and cause His face to shine up-on us, and cause His face to shine up - on us,

us, and cause God be

bless us, and cause His face to shine up-on us, and cause His face to shine up - on us,

cres. *dim.*

LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE. Concluded.

God be mer - ci - ful un - to us. and bless us, and cause His face to

mer - ci - ful un - to us, and..... bless, and bless us, to shine up-

God be mer - ci - ful un - to us, nu - to us, and cause His face to shine up-

God be mer - ci - ful un - to us, and bless, and bless us,

shine on us, and cause His face to shine up - on us!

on us, and cause His face His face to shine up - on us.

on us, and cause His face to shine up - on us.

and cause His face to shine His face to shine up - on us.

Rit.

Perl.

God is Love.

GEO. H. RYDER.

Moderato.

ORGAN.

rit.

SOPRANO OR TENOR SOLO.

God is love! his mer - cy bright - ens, All the path in which we move.

rit.

Bliss he wakes, and woe he light - ens, God is Wis - dom! God is love!

God is Love. Continued.

cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - do.

Chance and Change are bu - sy ev - er, Man de - - cays and a - ges move;

Chance and Change are bu - sy ev - er, Man de - - cays and a - ges move;

mp

But his mer - cy chan - ges nev - er, God is wis - dom! God is love.

But his mer - cy chan - ges nev - er, God is wis - dom! God is love.

ALTO SOLO.

E'en the hour which dark - est seem - eth, Will his change - less good - ness prove.

From the gloom his bright - ness gleam - eth, God is wis - dom! God is love!

rit.

He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth, Hope and com - fort from a - - bove;

He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth, Hope and com - fort from a - - bove;

Ev' - ry where his glo - ry shin - eth, God is wis - dom! God is love.

Ev' - ry where his glo - ry shin - eth, God is wis - dom! God is love.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.

B. F. GILBERT.

Soprano Solo.

Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice; Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home;

Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

CHORUS.
Tenor.

Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice,

Alto.

Soprano.

Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice,

Bass.

Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come, Hith - er come, for

Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come, Hith - er come, for

here is found Balm for ev - 'ry bleed - ing wound; Peace, which ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

here is found Bálm for ev - 'ry bleed - ing wound; Peace, which ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

Gracious Spirit.

J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato. *p* *cres.* *p* *cres.*

Gra - cious Spir - it, love di - vine, Let thy light with-in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move,

p *cres.* *p* *cres.*

Gra - cious Spir - it, love di - vine, Let thy light with-in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move,

f

Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

Soprano Solo.

Let me nev - er from thee strav, Keep me in the nar - row way;

f

Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

mf

Fill my soul with joy di - vine.

Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

mf

Fill my soul with joy di - vine.

cres. - - - - *dim.* *p* *rall.* - - - -

Keep, oh, keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine. A - men, A - men.

cres. - - - - *dim.* *p* *rall.* - - - -

Keep, oh, keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine. A - men, A - men.

what are thy wants and thy sor - rows? And what is thy grief and thy pain? The Mas - ter hath need of the reap - ers, And

what are thy rests and thy fol - lies, To the world and the rusts of the grain?

- las for the hopes of the har - vest, And a - las for the beau - ti - ful grain! The Mas - ter hath need of the reap - ers, And

Repeat chorus to last verse.

rit.

shall he call in vain? Go gath - er the sheaves in the gar - ner, For gold - en and ripe is the grain.

rit.

shall he call in vain? Go gath - er the sheaves in the gar - ner, For gold - en and ripe is the grain.

rit. *rall.*

ripe is the grain.

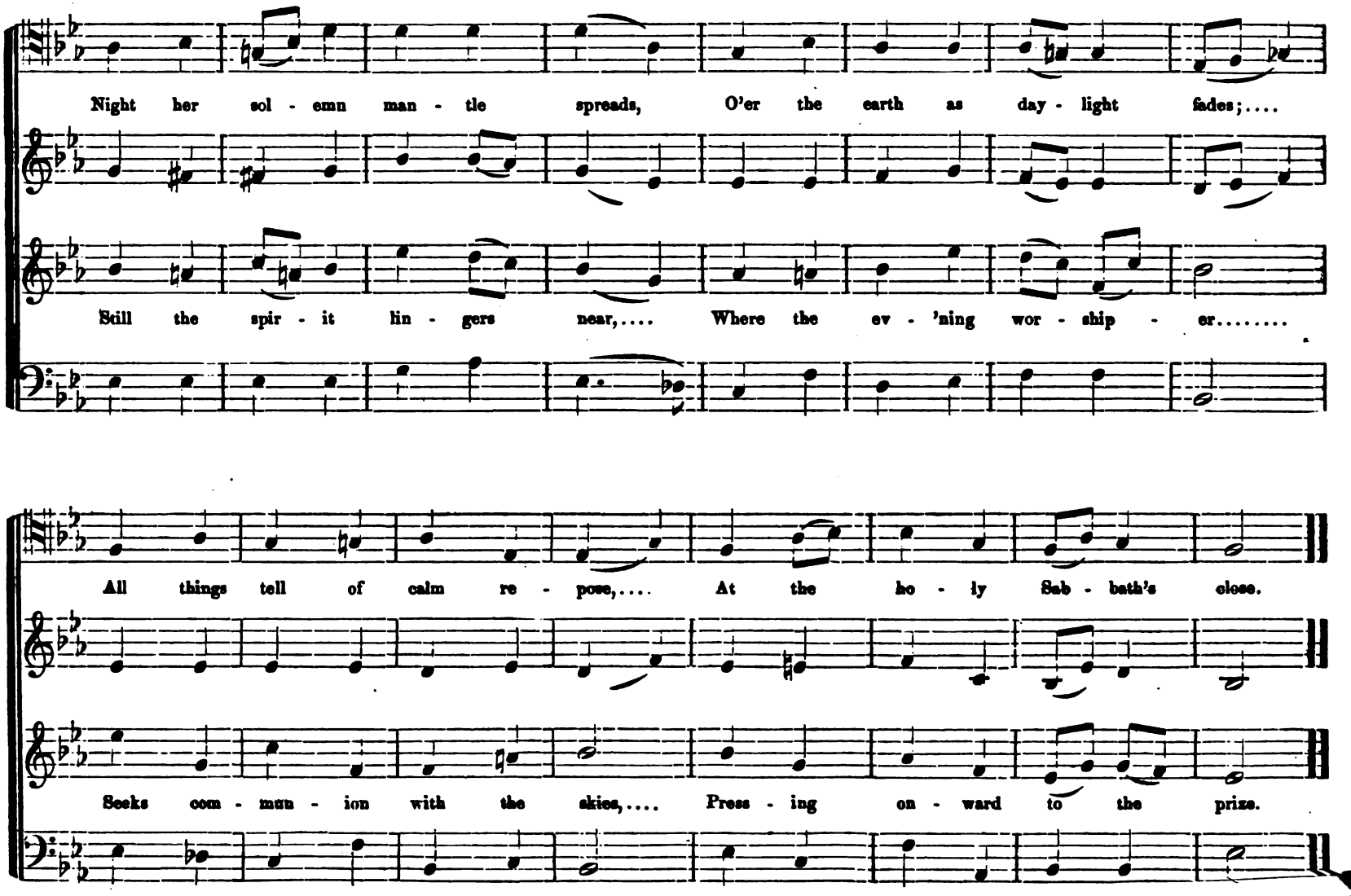
SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY.

J. M. WHITCOMB.

Larghetto.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray..... Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
2. Peace is on the world a - broad,..... 'Tis the ho - ly Peace of God;

Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
Sym - bol of the peace with - in, When the spir - it rests from sin.


Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads, O'er the earth as day - light fades;....
Still the spir - it lin - gers near,.... Where the ev - 'ning wor - ship - er.....
All things tell of calm re - pose,.... At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close.
Seeks com - mun - ion with the skies,.... Press - ing on - ward to the prize.

Responses to Commandments.

E. L. BUFFINTON.

After the Ninth.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the Tenth.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these, thy laws, in our hearts,..... we be - seech..... thee.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these, thy laws, in our hearts,..... we be - seech..... thee.

Gloria Patri. No. 1.

J. A. RISING.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,....

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with - out end, A - - MEN.

Gloria Patri. No. 2.

J. A. RISING.

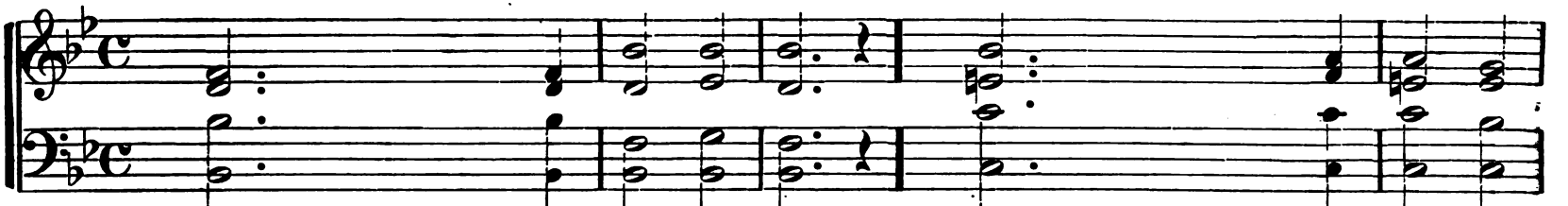
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

pp *ff*

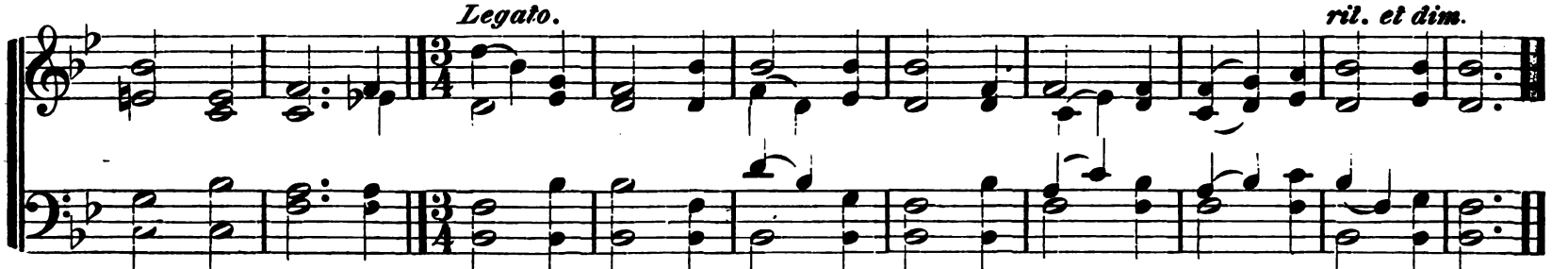
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World with - out end. A - MEN.

JESUS, WE REST IN THEE. Hymn Chant. S.H. M.

G. F. WILSON.



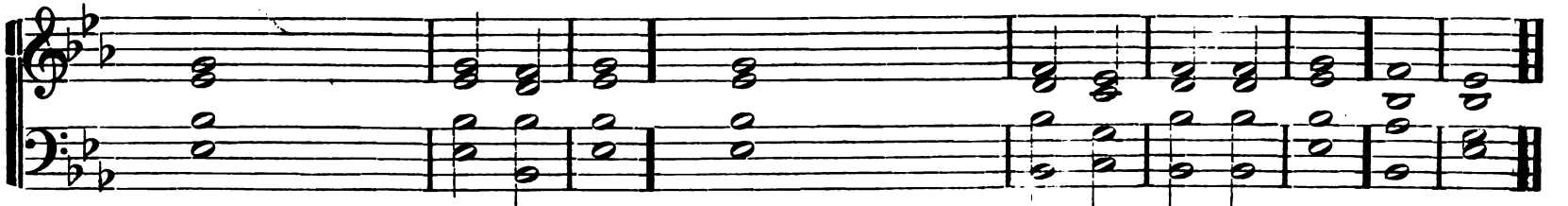
1. Jesus, we rest in thee; In thee..... our - selves we hide; Laden with guilt and misery,..... . .. Where could we
2. The slaves of sin and fear, Thy truth our bond - age broke; Our happy spirits love to wear..... Thy light and
3. Soon the bright glorious day, The rest of God, shall come; Sorrow and sin shall pass away,..... and we shall



rest be - side? 'Tis on thy meek and low - ly breast, Our wea - ry souls a - lone can rest.
ea - sy yoke; The love that fills our grate - ful breast, Makes du - ty joy, and la - bor rest.
reach our home; Then, of the prom - ised land pos - sessed. Our souls shall know e - ter - nal rest.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

TALLIS.

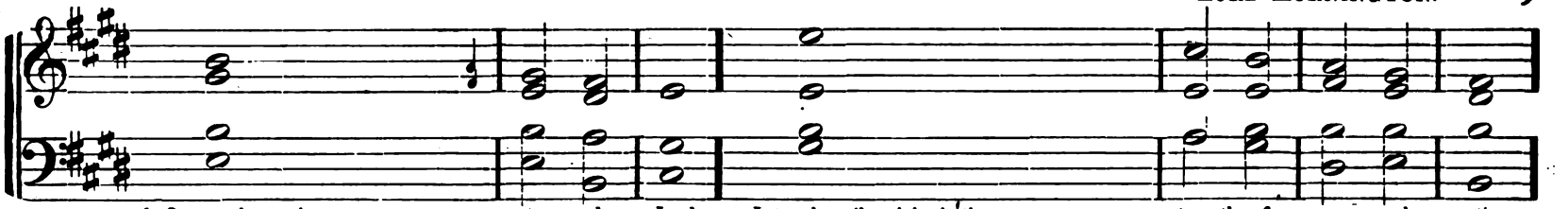


1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
2. Give us this day our..... dai - ly bread; And forgive our trespasses, as we forgive them that tres - pass a - gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - MEN.

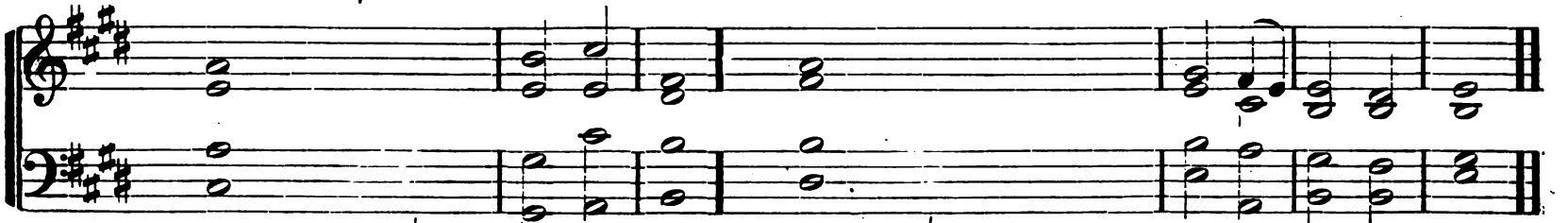
3.4.96 37

VENITE. Double Chant.

LORD MORNINGTON.



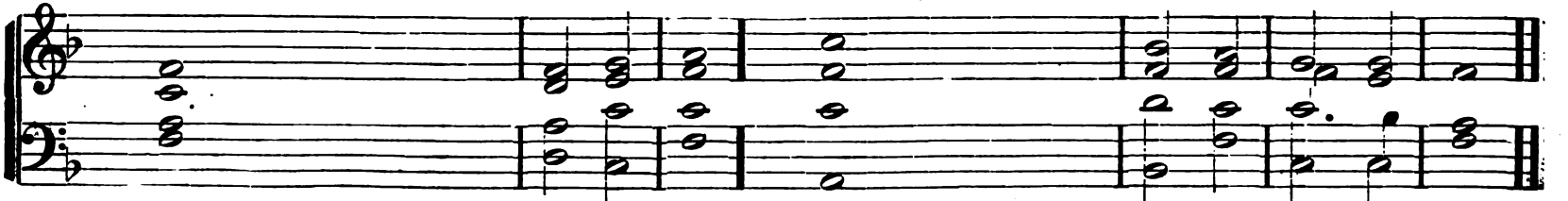
1. O come, let us sing un - - - to the Lord, Let us heartily rejoice in the ..... strength of our sal - vation.
3. For the Lord is a ..... great ..... God. and a great ..... King a - bove all gods.
5. The sea is his ..... and he made it, and his hands pre - - - - - par - ed the dry land:
7. For he is the ..... Lord our God, and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his..... hand:
10. Glory be to the Father, and .... to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost.



2. Let us come before his presence..... with thanks - giving, and show ourselves ..... glad in him with psalms.
4. In his hands are all the corners..... of the earth, and the strength of the ..... hills is his..... also.
6. O come, let us worship ..... and fall down, and kneel be - - - - - - - fore the Lord our Maker.
8. O worship the Lord in the..... beauty of holiness, let the whole earth ..... stand in awe of Him.
9. For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth, and with righteousness to judge the world and the peo - ple with his truth
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world..... with - out end. A - MEN.

BENEDICTUS. Single.

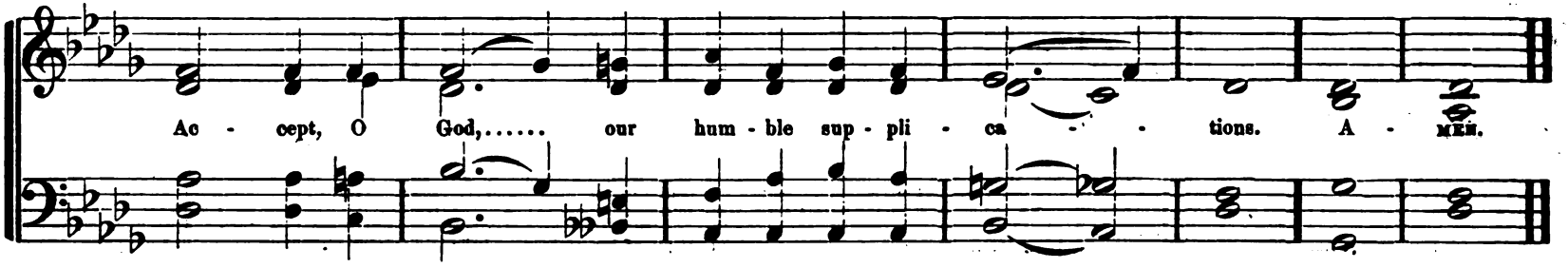
FARRANT.



1. Blessed be the Lord..... God of Israel, For he hath visited..... and re - deemed his people,
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal - - - vation for us, In the..... house of his ser - vant David.
3. As he spake by the mouth of his ..... ho - ly prophets, Which have..... been since the world be - gan.
4. That we should be saved. ..... from our enemies, And from the..... hand of all that
5. Glory be to the Father, and.... ..... to the Son. And ..... to the
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and..... ev - er shall be. World..... with - out end.

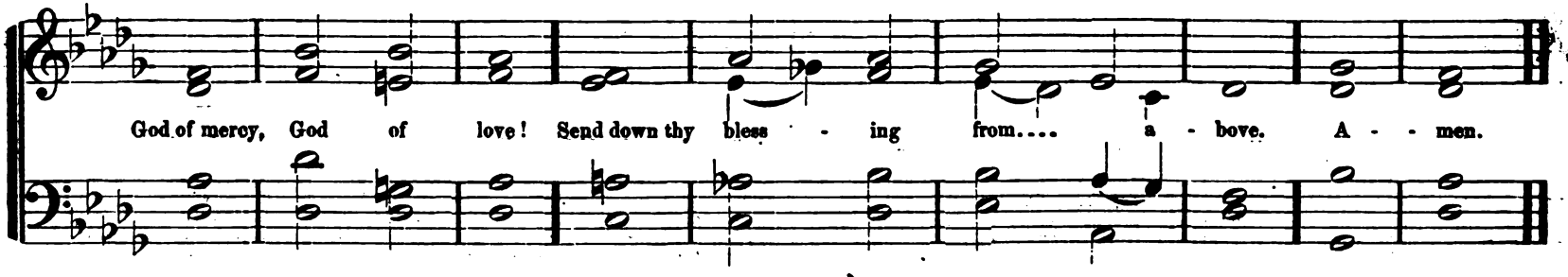
Accept, O God. Response.

E. L. BUFFINTON.



God of Mercy. Response.

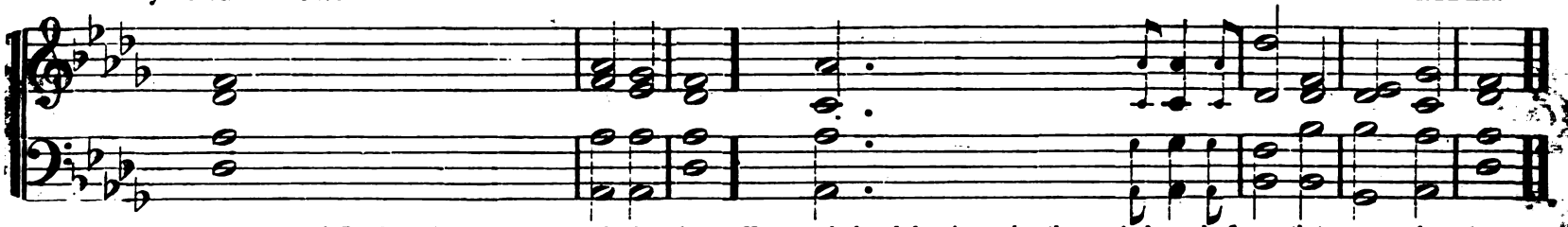
E. L. BUFFINTON,



The Reaper and the Flowers. Chant.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

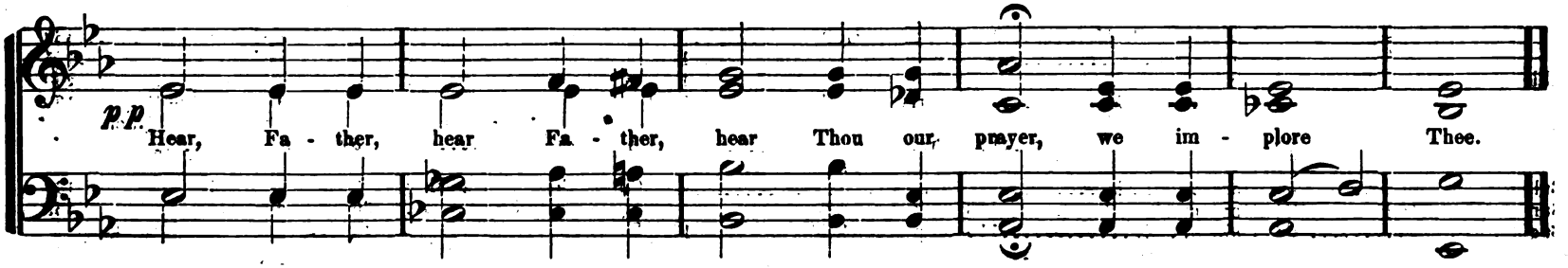
T. P. RYDER.



1. There is a reaper whose name is Death, And with his sick - le keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath. And the flowers that grow be - tween.
2. "Shall I have nought that is fair," said he. "Have nought but the bearded grain? Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves. It was for the Lord of Paradise,..... He bound them in his sheaves.
4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The reaper.... said, and smiled; "Dear tokens of the earth are they,..... Where he was once a child."
5. They shall all bloom in fields of light. Transplanted..... by my care; And saints, upon their garments white,..... These sa - cred blos - soms wear."
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain. The flowers she.. most did love; She knew she would find them all again,... In the fields of light and love.
7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper..... came that day; 'Twas an Angel visited the green earth ..... And took the flowers a - way.

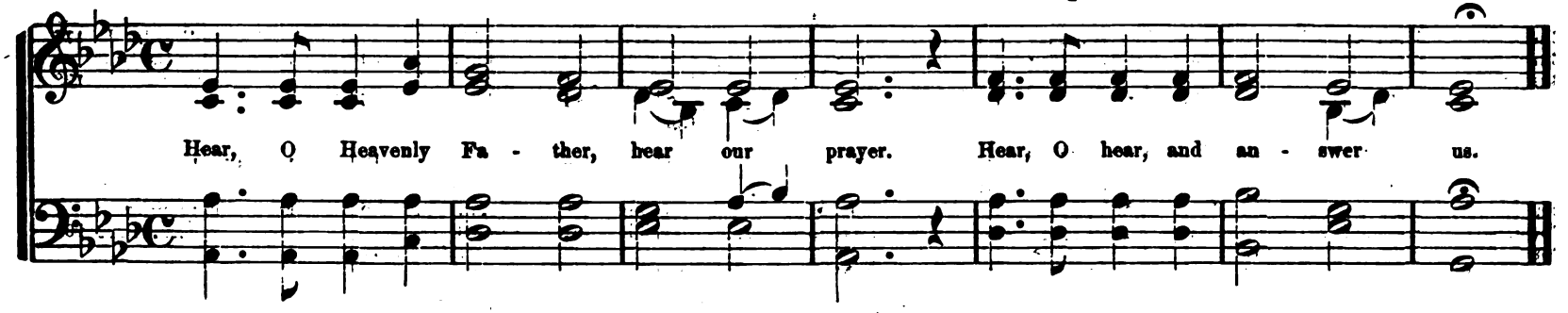
Hear, Father. Response.

E. L. BUFFINTON.



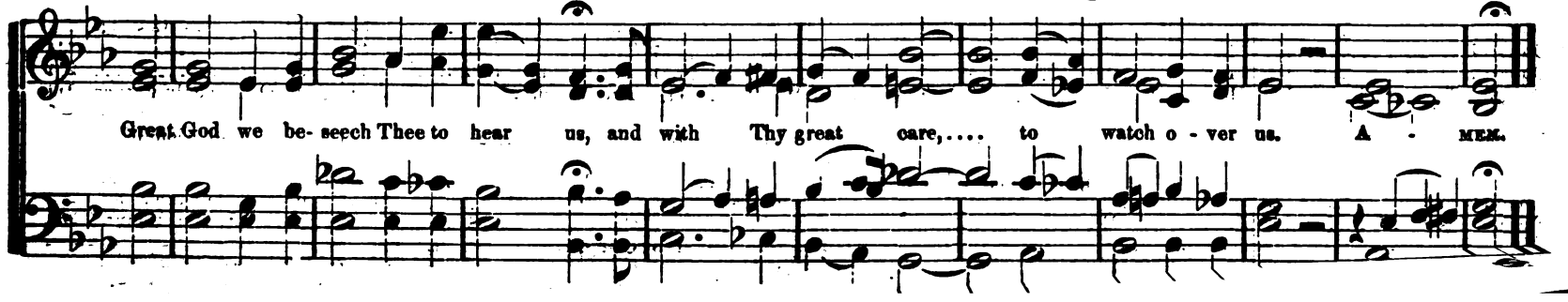
Hear, O Heavenly Father. Response.

T. P. RYDER.



Great God, we Beseech Thee. Response.

E. L. BUFFINTON.



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